

THE MAGAZINE FOR MASTERFUL MEN!

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^KJem

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MEN ...

**THIS IS THE
VOICE OF FREEDOM!**

... Freedom from the domination of women! For generations we American males have been bullied, brow-beaten and neglected by the female sex ... they have banded together to rob us of our independence, dominating qualities, muscularity and masculinity! WE ARE VIRTUAL SLAVES

... and we must not allow it!

**IT'S TIME TO FIGHT
BACK—**

(Continued on Page 4)

**SLUG' EM and
LEAVE' EM!**

FROM BED TO WORSE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MASTERFUL MEN!

A TEEN-AGE GIRL DOESN'T
HAVE TO KNOW SCIENCE
IF SHE KNOWS ABOUT ...

Steady Dating— Woman's Ultimate Weapon!

IN the never-ending struggle for dominance between the sexes, the female hordes have developed the Ultimate Weapon — a weapon as devastating as Chanel No. 5 or the chastity belt. What is it?

Steady dating, or “going steady”, as the teen-agers call it.

Don't be deceived! — Steady Dating is to the cold (and hot) war between men and women what the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile is to the struggle between nations.

Always abreast of the times, the women have loaded their perfumed arsenals personal ICBM with an atomic warhead — S-E-X. It is the explosive power of sex that makes this newest advance in female armament so devastating that it may turn the tide of battle in favor of our distaff riff-raff! In fact, steady dating is Strike Two against us poor downtrodden males — Strike One having been delivered on



BY MICHAEL KNIGHT



that awful day in 1920 when we gave women the Vote. For the benefit of those lucky few too old or too young to have been subjected to its horrors — going steady is an arrangement in monogamy imposed by the female so that she may achieve complete physical, mental and emotional mastery of a given (or taken!) young man. Under the going steady regime, the young man is forced to sublimate (give up) his normal urge to pursue as many females as possible, and instead devote himself exclusively to one girl — his steady date. This, men is worse than autocracy — it's downright *dictatorship!*

It's very similar to the fearful methods of A. Hitler and J. Stalin, who indoctrinated the youth of their countries with the so-called "benefits" of living like a slave. And, make no mistake about it — it is *slavery* that these women have in mind when they embark upon their diabolical dating arrangement! Steady Dating has a lot in common with the Hitler Youth and Young Communist movements, and the eventual results can be the same — a generation of mindless, gutless automatons guided in their every move by the voice of the Master (or, in this case, mistress).

How does a girl exert her devilish influence over an unsuspecting youth, forcing him to her will — and her won't? Quite simply, through

Steady Dating... Womens Ultimate Weapon

Sex! We needn't shrink from this fact any longer, now that Kinsey has cleared the air.

In a less sophisticated — and healthier — period in our history, "going steady" was a respected and harmless institution. But — it was a different thing from the frightening travesty we see today! In those days — around the turn of the century — when a gal and guy went steady, it meant they were practically engaged, and the chances were good that they'd be married in a very few months. Not only that, the boy was of an age where he had already had time to taste the delights of the flesh, and to know his own mind.

But steadily, inexorably, the age of "consent", as they call it, has gone down and down until nowadays it is quite common (and I do mean *common*) to see 14-year-olds pairing off and "going steady". Just how *far* they go is no longer a secret. They go, I'm afraid, all the way. (And if you don't know what I mean by *that*, then you have no business reading this magazine!)

Every boy — well, almost every boy — knows he can get a date any time he wants one. "Will you go to the dance with me?" is all he has to say to get a yes. But the girl wants the full, rich, rounded life handed to her with no strings attached. Why should she run the risk of being a wallflower or of not going to the dance at all, when, with a little strategy, she can have a steady to beau her around at every function.

She plays on his imagination, she capitalizes on day-dreaming. Maybe, half the time, his parents have been divorced and he doesn't really know what happy family life is like. So she reproduced it for him. She makes like his wife, carrying it out more or less the whole way, so he can enjoy the fantasy without any of the responsi-

bilities of a husband. She makes him feel that this intimacy — however far it extends — is a privilege. And the poor kid — how can he think straight with silky fingers running through his hair and shadowed lids falling dreamily over sexy eyes.

Does he stop to realize that now is his time for playing the field? That this is his chance for kicking up his heels? Does he say to himself, "Look, if you don't sow your wild oats now, the chances are you're going to want to do it later — and it may end in a helluva mess." Or is he clear-headed enough to see that if, at sixteen, he submits to the domination of some little jerk doll he may be in that groove all his life? Of course not — he's not experienced enough to recognize danger when it wears bobby socks.

And why does this damp-behind-the-ears Cleopatra do what she does? She's protecting herself. She's collecting security — social security. She wants the figurehead of the male — HER male — as a symbol of having arrived. She doesn't want the heart-ache of ever being left out of anything. She wants to come to adulthood fully equipped with the male-female background and experience. Two things she dreads like the plague — insecurity

and unsophistication.

In a way, desperation has caught hold of her — she has seen too many single women who are terribly lonely. And she will go to any measures to provide herself with a mate from the minute she first feels the stirrings of sex until she needs him to help her into her wheel chair. She will even get herself pregnant before he's had a chance to make enough money to go after the hard-to-get girls — thus ensuring a husband for herself.

But, men, boys, youths, babies — you know what it is? It's slavery. It's indecent, unnerving and the ruination of self-respect. If she gets you — and gets you easy at sixteen or eighteen or twenty — the victory will have no glamor. In a few years the thrill will have tarnished and she'll go on to something more challenging. You'll get it in the neck — dominating you is too simple — she'll want someone stronger to conquer.

What can this sort of thing lead to?

A lot of fun. It can also lead to juvenile delinquency, family breakups, and real tragedy.

Who's to blame? Women, my friend. Not society, not the teachers, not the authorities, not Elvis Presley — but *women*. And the situation is getting worse. By the time the average young man is softened up and ready for marriage — at the age of 21 or 22 instead of a proper 27 — he is under complete and utter female domination, and has been since birth. For hardly had he got a breather from the ministrations of his mother, than some snip of a slim-hipped moppet got her half-developed clutches into him and teased him into submission for the duration of his adolescence!

There are several reasons why the above situation exists, in addition to those given. In the pioneer days, for



example, there were more men than women — as a result women had a field day. And they sure played the field! With a choice of any number of available men, these rugged, ragged and roguish females refused to date steady when young — preferring to be courted for half their lives and *then* bear fresh young pioneers for the other half (life expectancy was only about forty in those days).

Now, however, the tables are turned. *There are more women than men*— about a million-and-a-half more in this country alone. This alters their psychology to the extent that *now* they want to start dating early, often and *steady* — and they want to start it in their early teens. Under this rigid system, a young fellow hardly has time to learn the difference between boys and girls before he's roped, tied, branded and led around with a ring through his nose — an engagement ring. Yes, to make sure they're not left waiting at the hitching post, the gals latch onto some poor slob as soon as he reaches puberty. And they stay latched until they're matched! Unless, of course, the guy manages to use half the brains he was born with — and does a fast fade as soon as he hears that vile phrase, "going steady!"


All of which sums up the moral — and the immoral — of this little tale. As J. Robert Moskin says in *Look Magazine*: "Almost no one is rallying men to call a halt and make a stand" against the depredations of women

When bigger and better fools are made, we *men* will make them — and *then go on to the next!*

So spread the word — to all the unattached males in the country. Indoctrinate them from the age of four. When they hear the words, **GOING STEADY**, tell them to run like satyrs, play the hip pipes of Pan, sweet-talk like congenital liars, dance along the boulevard of broken dreams and keep their masculinity and individuality away from the girl that utters these fatal syllables. Put a hex on her sex.



"Don't Get the wrong Idea, Readers — these notches represent the number of days we've been here!"



When we introduced round-the-world sex into
the heart of the African jungle we had no idea
our theme song would become the

BAGANDA BLUES

BY HAL HENNESEY



IF you should ever manage to reach Uganda, that remote African Paradise-on-earth, and if you should head west along the road that leads from Kampala, the capitol, you will eventually get to Mubende. Now — if you should take the dirt track north out of Mubende and drive up into the Muzizi valley for half a day, you'll reach a Baganda village that will bear a close resemblance to the Garden of Eden. Here's what you do when you get there:

Turn back!

Even though the place swarms with lovely teen-age girls, all of them clad only in their dusty epidermis, — don't be a fool! Yes, even though the Chief, old Ndogu himself, offers you your choice of these luscious morsels — no strings attached, mind you — for as long as you like — *get out before dark!* Especially if you retain a shred of what we in Africa laughingly call virility.

BAGANDA BLUES

Here's why:

I was alone when I left Mubende in the venerable Jeep that had carried me all the way from Nairobi. Now I was halfway through a field project that, when finished, would get me my doctorate; an ethnologist, I was making a systematic survey of the Nilotic, Hamitic and Bantu tribes of East Africa and why they should have stayed where they were. I was alone because my friends and conferees were convinced I was crazy. It has taken some time to convince me of the truth.

They were right.

But there I was, bouncing along the rutted dirt track that follows the winding Muzizi River and wondering what new adventures were about to befall. I didn't have long to wonder. As I whizzed around an acacia bush that hid the track ahead, I nearly slammed into a trio of African ladies. They were sauntering along the road, carrying gourds of water on their shaven black heads. It was a startling sight.

The women were like none I had seen in Africa. In their teens, obviously, they were of medium height and shaped like sun-ripened Marilyn Monroes, with saucy upturned breasts and backsides that jiggled like a Piper Cub warming up for takeoff. Both of these extremities were in delightful evidence due to a complete lack of clothing on the uninhibited trio. From the description I had learned by heart, I knew them to be Baganda maidens. I had arrived in Paradise.

With many a giggle and jiggle they led me to their village, which was a short distance ahead. I could see from the overgrown path that no vehicles had passed that way in years, if ever. I felt that I was treading on virgin ground, if you'll pardon the expression.

The populace — about 300 persons — were quite happy to see me; since most of them knew the rudiments of

English, we got along fine. I already knew plenty about the Baganda, one of Africa's most advanced and intelligent tribes. For example, that they have — according to our standards — a very loose code of morals. As I was seeing now, they wore little or no clothing in the more remote areas of Baganda, their kingdom lying on the shores of Lake Victoria. Other quaint ideas they entertain involve sex before marriage — and plenty of it — and the happy custom of lending automatic bed warmers to chance visitors to their rondavels. Like me.

After a dinner consisting of a protein-loaded hunk of elephant's foot — although Chief Ndogu claimed it was a choice steak from an impala — I sat taking notes for my thesis and listening to the sounds from the surrounding bushveldt. At dusk the chief approached me and indicated the largest rondavel in the village. "That," he said, "is your sleep place. Go now — girls be along soon." Nodding, he vanished.

The first half of this little monologue I understood. And if the rest meant what I *thought* it meant — I dog trotted with as much dignity as possible to the thatched hut that was to be my hotel. It was empty except for a kind of mattress made of quilting and hides. A large open lamp smoked in the middle of the room, casting a pale but adequate light over all. I have known places to smell somewhat better — such

as the Chicago stockyards — but I was used to Africa by now, including its aromatic herbs, animals and inhabitants. I stretched out comfortably on the "bed".

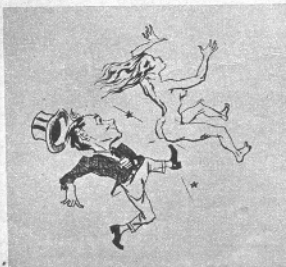
They came in not long afterward, the three of them. And they looked even better in that dim light than they had on the road.

It seemed that when the time came to choose a nocturnal companion for me, these three won the honors in a dead heat. A live one, rather, as time proved.

Not much time, at that. Bashful at first, my three little delinquents — their ages must have averaged about fourteen — soon overcame all shyness as they egged one another on. Without too many objections from me, they soon had my clothes in a neat pile. And then we all followed suit.

As you must know, it is the custom of most African tribes to practice female, or clitoral, circumcision. This insures that the gals won't enjoy themselves while making love and thus won't go being unfaithful to an inadequate husband. This particular village, however, had somehow become enlightened. My companions were not only whole, they made the most of it.

As for me, it is because of later events, necessary to indulge in a bit of mild bragging. As an ethnologist I get around. I have done extensive studies, at first hand, of the Eskimos in northern Canada. These people also have welcome differences in their ideas concerning sex and morality. I learned a great deal of interesting, if unprintable, customs while among them. Also, I spent considerable time in Central Asia with various Oriental tribesmen. They too perform weird sexual rites that would shock most Westerners. I'm afraid that our version of sex is pretty watery compared to some of the more lusty primitives of the earth.



Well, to make a lusciously long — all night long — story short, I taught those three willing maidens the better percentage of my international repertoire. *Three* may seem like an ungainly number, but not if you've lived among the Eskimos, where it takes a lot to keep warm. Yes, my three little maids in school took to my teachings like diving ducks. Even to the Nepalese whip, a diverting variation of that childhood game, duck-on-the-rock. And when they became a trifle unruly in their eagerness, I put them across my knee

and paddled them lustily. They loved it — proving that Rosie O'Grady and a Baganda lady like blisters under the skin.

Once or twice during the morning hours I thought I heard a noise — like a leopard's cough — just outside the walls of the rondavel but I wasn't sure, and didn't care much either. The gals insisted on keeping that lamp filled with oil, although I couldn't see the reason for all that light. On the other hand I could see nothing against it. In the Arctic you



just don't wait for the night time; not for six months of daylight! In fact the Eskimos have a saying, "He who must make love in the dark is made of tallow at both ends."

The night was finished at last — and so, for all practical purposes, was I. But I made a staunch recovery by about nine and went out for breakfast. My *filles de la nuit* had long gone. The sun and the African countryside greeted me warmly, and I felt like a wartime three-day-pass. Here, I resolved, I would make the most extensive study of the Baganda tribe ever attempted. It would take months, of

course, to note all of the remarkable customs of this most attractive people.

It would, of course, be healthier to work during the night hours, when it was cool.

At that moment I happened to pass a large hut similar to my own. Before it, sitting on the ground with his legs crossed, was a white man. I halted in mid-stride and stared at him. He was the skinniest — in fact, most emaciated — individual I had ever seen. At the moment he was engaged in eating breakfast, a breakfast

(Continued on page 55)



Isn't this the kind of **CRAZY MIXED-UP KID**
you'd like on your couch
if you were a psychiatrist?

If she were
climbing the wall
you'd know how
to help her
solve her problem.



Maybe she just
dreamed she
was caught in
this web.



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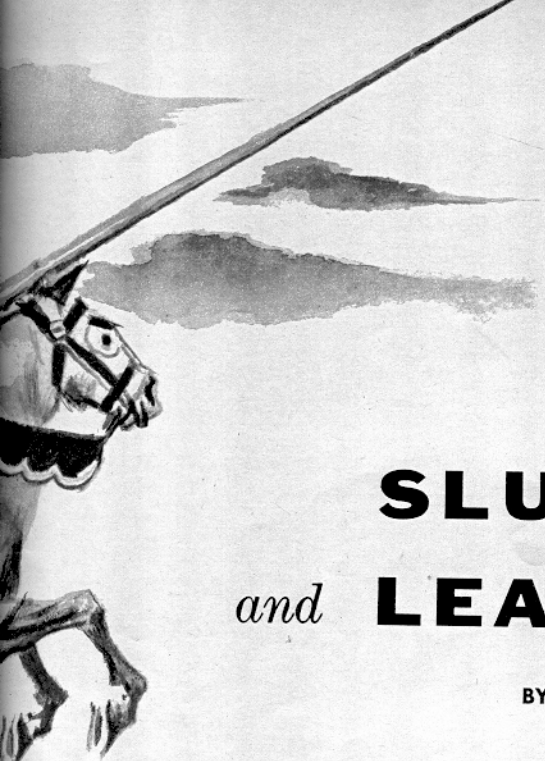
"And there I was on the
balcony," she said,
"in my maiden form."

Even if she has
got two hands
they're both
beautiful.





In the Dark Ages, man wore his masculinity like a coat of mail. At night he was too tired to beat her into submission — so she beat him — at his own game!



You can wine 'em and dine 'em
or pamper and pet 'em,
but the chances are you'll get
nowhere unless you

SLUG 'EM *and* LEAVE 'EM

BY HENRY MAYER

WOMEN love to be pushed around. Not only that, *they love the men who push them around!* It has been this way since the beginning, yet only for a short time during this century have we men lived up to what was expected of us. This happy period lasted from the mid-1930's to the beginning of World War II, and it was a movie that brought it about.

Nothing quite like it had ever been seen on the screen. The tough-looking little man, in the midst of a noisy argument, suddenly grabbed his breakfast grapefruit from the plate before him. Leaning across the table, he shoved the pulpy fruit into the startled face of his lovely companion.

As the grapefruit juice cascaded down her pretty puss, Mae Clarke wrung her hands in amazement and horror. Millions of movie-goers wrung their hands in amazement and delight.

Thus Jimmy Cagney became a national hero to a generation of frustrated, brow-beaten, bamboozled and embattled American men. In one cine-

matic scene, this obviously virile actor had wiped away a million indignities from the sexual escutcheon of a downtrodden gender. More important, he had proved what psychologists had known for years—that women like their loving the hard way. Like we said, they love to be pushed around.

No sooner was the American male convinced of this than there was inaugurated a new era in the history of marital — and pre-marital — relations. There is no record of how many grapefruit found their way into the faces of the women of America. The citrus market, during the late thirties, had a run that threatened to upset the economy of Florida and California. The psychologists were gratified that their advice had finally been taken, but were at a loss as to just how it had happened, few of them being movie-goers.

This all took place between the years 1935 and 1941 — and it was a very healthy period for this country, as men regained the pioneer spirit and masculine aggressiveness (Continued on page 50)



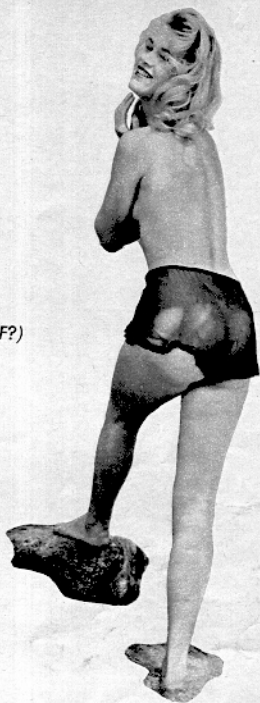


LITTLE MISS RED WOLF-BAIT

LITTLE RED WOLF-BAIT'S

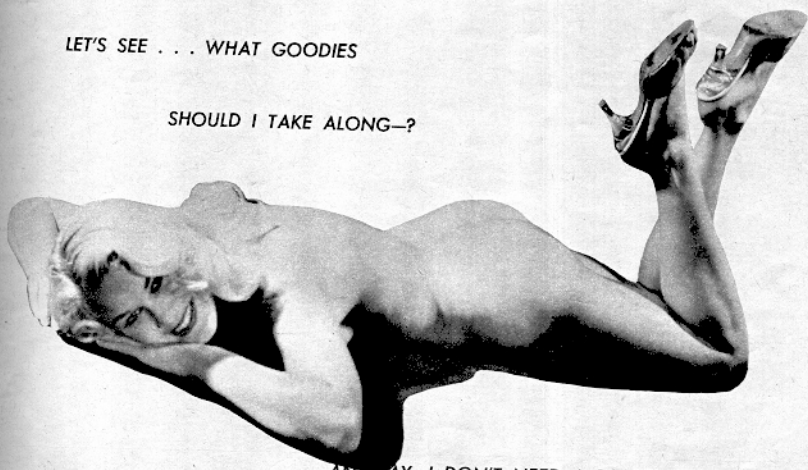
GOING TO GRANDMA'S . . .

NO CLOTHES, NO BASKET (NO WOLF?)



LET'S SEE . . . WHAT GOODIES

SHOULD I TAKE ALONG—?



ANYWAY, I DON'T NEED A BASKET TO CARRY THEM IN!

HMM — BETTER WATCH OUT
FOR WOLVES, LIKE MAMA SAID —

GOODNESS — THERE'S
ONE NOW! OH, GOODY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, WOLFIE —
'FRAID TO GET YOUR FEET WET?





ALL RIGHT,
IF YOU WON'T COME IN . . .

. . . LET'S REST
ON THIS NICE DRY ROCK.

HUMPH! YOU'RE NO WOLF—

YOU'RE A LAMB!

I'M GOING ON TO GRANDMA'S,

AFTER ALL!





AESOP'S FIBBLES

THE OLD MAN DEVOTED A LIFETIME TO MAKING HIS SON
A PARAGON AND HE FIGURED OUT EVERYTHING IN ADVANCE
— EXCEPT WHAT TO DO WHEN SEX REARED ITS
LOVELY HEAD BETWEEN

THE PERFECT BOY *and the* IMPERFECT GIRL

WANT TO RULE THE WORLD? IT'S SIMPLE!
YOU MERELY...

1. *Get Yourself a son — a physically perfect genius.*
2. *Teach Him to Hate Women.*
3. *... AND NOW TURN THE PAGE For the Frightful Results!*



jem

A Treasure Chest
of Rare Spice

Vol. 2 August No. 3

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THE PERFECT BOY and the IMPERFECT GIRL

ONCE upon a time there was a man with an ideal, an infant son and a bitchy wife. The man's ideal was to raise his son to be a perfect physical and mental specimen. He knew he couldn't accomplish this with his wife in the picture, so he debated ways and means of getting her out of the way — or getting out of her way.

He was somewhat horrified to discover that the idea of murdering his wife appealed greatly to him. The idea offered many gratifying possibilities and it must be admitted that he gloated over the thought for a long time before he discarded it for several practical reasons. First of all, there was the possibility of his crime being discovered and the man knew he could not fulfill his avowed purpose of creating the perfect man if he inhaled gas in a chamber or died of shock in the electric chair. And even if he did get away with murder, it might prey on his mind so he would become neurotic and not a fit person to instill perfect mental balance in his son.

So, he discarded the thought of uxoricide and decided to take his son and flee from his wife. He made his plans carefully, selecting a site for his refuge far up in the most desolate reaches of the Sierra Madre range in Mexico. He made arrangements for food and clothing to be delivered by burro by the Tarahumaras from the nearest obscure Mexican village to his mountain lair twice a year, along with such books and other civilized necessities as he deemed necessary to the proper upbringing of his son.

When the arrangements were made and the man had converted his assets into ready cash, he took off with his son into his wilderness hideout. Of course his wife made the usual gesture of being frantic over the disappearance of her spouse and her son, but she really was rather glad to be rid of both of them and the search quickly simmered away to nothingness.

Over the years the man labored faithfully at the task of moulding his son into the perfect man. Before he was six, the boy had devoured the Five Foot Shelf. By the time he was ten, the lad was well versed in physics, mathema-

tics, political science, literature, mechanics and medicine. He was an accomplished painter and knew all the rules of proper conduct through extensive reading of books of etiquette.

Physically, the boy was superb. From almost the day he could walk, his father had started him on barbell exercises and he had a physique that would cause a Mr. Universe to cover his body in shame. All in all, the boy grew into a perfect man, almost good enough to be a contestant on a TV quiz show.

During his growing up years, the boy was as carefully shielded from outside contact as a Harvard sophomore. His father was always careful to send him on distant hunting trips when the burro train was due in with supplies. The man didn't want his son to know that there was any such things as imperfection in the world, which he

quickly would have realized had he even glimpsed the bedraggled *peons* who prodded the weatherbeaten pack animals up the mountain. Of course the boy never saw a woman, which the father considered doubly to the good.

The boy had been named Yarin, because his father liked the sound and because it meant in Turkish "Tomorrow" and the boy was certainly the man of tomorrow.

By the time Yarin was 21 he was a phenomenon, both physically and mentally and his

father eased back a bit to enjoy his handiwork and contemplate the splendid man he had created. Here, indeed, was a creature who would not be despoiled by the sordid thoughts of the world. Here was a man who, when the time came could lead the world into the paths of righteousness, tempered with great knowledge and sound common sense. Here was the incorruptible, the invincible individual.

All that, of course, was before Xochita came into the man-made Garden of Eden. Xochita's appearance seemed more or less a happenstance. Yarin and his father found her asleep under a mesquite bush after one of the semi-annual visits of the burro train to deliver supplies. She was an Indian maiden, but not a very prepossessing one.



She was part Tarahumara, part Yaqui and probably had Aztec ancestry. She was dirty, dumpy and disheveled. Probably no more unwholesome looking Tarahumara-Yaqui-Aztec ever existed, but she was a woman, which intrigued Yarin.

"This is a woman?" he asked his father after the man had explained the strange creature. "Why she looks more like a pig."

"All women are," said his father, whose aversion to Yarin's mother had been nurtured into full-fledged misogyny by the years of his self-imposed exile, "even when they don't look like pigs."

Since there was nowhere for Xochita to go, a rude hut like a doghouse was fixed up for her and she slept on a pallet of straw on its dirt floor. Of course Yarin, guided by his father, ignored the dirty creature for the most part, except for the few hours he spent with her learning the Indian dialect she spoke (as part of his development he had acquired a great facility with languages and picked it up in almost no time).

Within a matter of weeks, Xochita had become a fixture in the mountain lair, a fixture no more important than the rather nice adobe house Yarin and his father had built for themselves. Once he had mastered her language and discovered that she had absolutely nothing to talk about Yarin completely lost interest in the creature. That is until the day while his father was out hunting, Yarin happened to catch a glimpse of her when she had removed all her clothes to search diligently for the body lice that infested her. Naked, Xochita was as repulsive as ever to Yarin, yet there were things about her that fascinated him. This fascination led to exploration and exploration led to discovery and almost as quickly as it can be told Yarin and Xochita were as intimate as boy and girl can be. To his amazement, Yarin discovered that he liked what he had discovered. Xochita didn't seem to be affected one way or another.

Thereafter trysts between Yarin and Xochita became frequent. The old man was absorbed in arrangements he

was making to take his son into civilization, so perhaps he was more relaxed in his vigilance than he would otherwise have been. Had the father been less preoccupied he might have noticed that Yarin was evincing more and more interest in Xochita, the creature he had said looked like a pig, in fact was at times even deferential toward her.

The father was so wrapped up in his grandiose schemes that he didn't even notice how frequently Yarin seemed to be in a blissful semi-stupor, a condition induced by the smoking of marijuana, which grew in profusion in the vicinity of the mountain lair. It was Xochita, of course, who introduced Yarin to the weed.

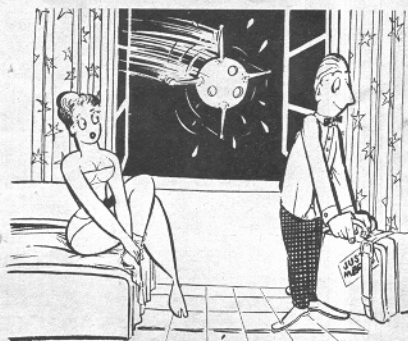
Xochita was more careful about doling out the *pevotte* buttons which she wandered far afield to gather. The *pevotte* buttons, which grew on a form of cactus in the wilds below the mountain lair, were a powerful drug and Xochita let Yarin chew them only when his father was away hunting or otherwise too occupied to notice his son's condition.

By the time the old man had completed his plans for taking his son back into civilization to save the world, Yarin was completely under the spell of Xochita. In our circles we might almost have said he was henpecked. Xochita, a smart girl beneath her grubby exterior, had long since wormed out of Yarin what his father's plans were and she knew that

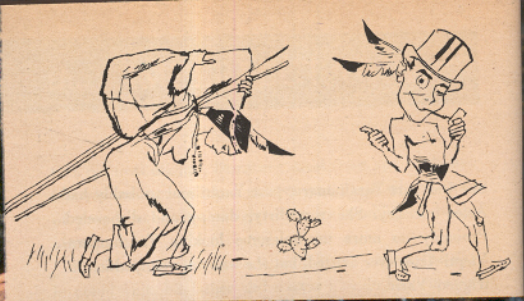
once Yarin was out if the mountains where female competition was more beautiful, even more vicious, there would be no chance of her retaining her hold on him. So, one night while the old man was asleep, she and Yarin eloped. Xochita led them to a remote Yaqui settlement where Yarin promptly took his place among her tribesmen.

Of course the old man was frantic and started to search for them at once. After several months of combing the area for miles around he finally found them. By then Yarin was not only completely under the domination of Xochita, but addicted to *Marijuana* and *pevotte* *pulque*, a vicious, syrupy alcoholic drink.

The old man pleaded and (Continued on page 62)



"DO WE HAVE A MANNED SATELLITE YET, DEAR?"



Give her the
**CAVE MAN'S
CALL** - she'll
come crawling . . .

She has to
know that man
is her master -

that she has
him and not
the tree for a
pillar of strength
to lean on.





Climbing up in the crotch of a tree is
good healthful exercise
for a cave man's girl – but
get down and clean
up the cave!





Stripped for action,
then she can
carry the burdens . . .

. . . and come home all
dewy from a dip in the lake.





When she's naughty she'll know
she has to be spanked.



Jem Dandy's Man of The Month

A department of facts (but mostly figures) to prove the natural superiority of man over woman.

THIS month Jem Dandy pays a belated tribute to Tadwallader Squeeje, who represents the legion of window washers. The profession of window-washing is an unsung and thankless job engaged in by thousands of little-known heroes. As T. S. himself once said to an interviewer in a helicopter hovering off the 81st floor of the Empire State Building: "Although mine is a paneiful task (Come closer, won't you — I can't shout above that goddam noisy motor!) — I say, although mine is a paneiful task, you'll never see me step out of line and make a *sash* of myself! Get it — make a sash —? Oops, watch it — you almost knocked me off the sill with that helicopter, Buster!"

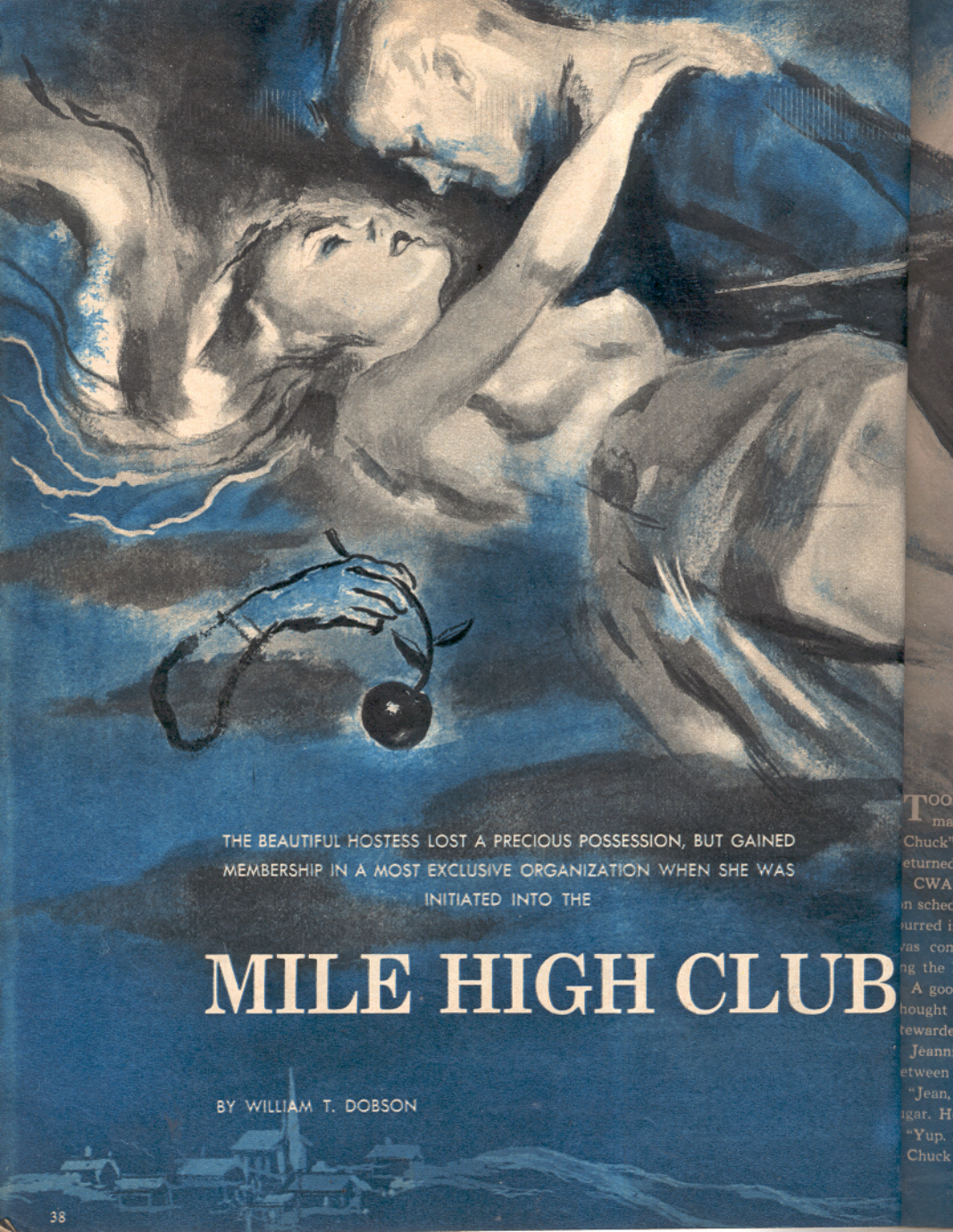
For some reason, the above quote has never been published before, yet it is a part of every window washer's creed. As you've guessed by now, Tadwallader

Squeeje is no longer with us. He fell sixty floors to the bottom of an old subway station not long ago, while in the line of duty. A certain amount of mystery concerning this public servant's death was lifted with the development of a roll of film shot with a telephoto lens from a building across the street.

The photo on the opposite page was taken an instant before Squeeje plunged to his untimely demise. (The photographer, arrested as a peeping Tom, jumped from his window shortly afterward.) It will remain a lasting tribute to the skill and devotion of Tadwallader Squeeje, and will doubtless inspire many an up-and-coming youngster to follow in his footsteps. Up to a point, of course.

(Next Man-of-the-Month: The Garage Mechanic — that greasy, grimy, grudging gamin of the grease pit.)





THE BEAUTIFUL HOSTESS LOST A PRECIOUS POSSESSION, BUT GAINED
MEMBERSHIP IN A MOST EXCLUSIVE ORGANIZATION WHEN SHE WAS
INITIATED INTO THE

MILE HIGH CLUB

BY WILLIAM T. DOBSON

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TOO MANY Puritans, that's the trouble. Too many damn Puritans. Captain Charles "Chuck" Holland shook his head resignedly and returned his thoughts to the business at hand.

CWA Flight 309 from Pittsburgh to Boston was on schedule. The plane's two Double Wasp engines purred in synchronization. Co-pilot Lennie Johnston was competently maintaining altitude and guiding the Martin 404 along the air route.

A good time for a cup of coffee and a cigarette, thought Chuck as he pushed the button for the stewardess.

Jeannie Merrill's sun freckled face popped in between the shoulders of the two pilots.

"Jean, I'd like a cup of coffee with cream and sugar. How about you, Len?"

"Yup. Make it two, Jeannie girl."

Chuck watched the girl as she swung out of

the cockpit. God, where do they get them from? he thought. Every year the new crop seems to get younger and prettier. The thing that gets you is that they all seem so damnably unaware of their femaleness. Chuck suppressed a wry grin.

I know the personnel department can't put "Are you a virgin?" on the questionnaire, but I'll bet that lady doctor out in Kansas City makes unofficial recommendations after giving physical exams.

Hell's bells, except for Merrill the last five gals that made this run with me didn't even smoke or drink, he recalled unhappily.

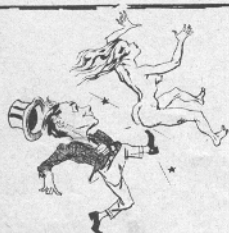
Chuck's meditations were suddenly interrupted as the stewardess reappeared in the cockpit smelling deliciously of hot coffee and fresh perfume.

"Jeannie, you're a doll. How are you doing with our happy passengers?" Chuck queried as his hand went out for the steaming cup.

from
the

Master's Desk

Editorial



— and the editors of JEM herewith sound a rallying call for the oppressed men of the nation. In these pages you will find advice and instructions on how to fight the battle! Yes, rally to us, fellow sufferers, and together we will win the **FOUR FREEDOMS FOR MEN:**

1. FREEDOM TO WANT . . . AND GET!

2. FREEDOM OF SPEECH . . .

To say what we think, and mean what we say; viz.: "Shut your flannel mouth before I drop you right in the middle of this supermarket!" Or, "No, we're not going to watch the Late, Late Show—we're going to have one! First, get my bath ready!"

3. FREEDOM OF WORSHIP . . .

Whether it's Marilyn, Gina, Bridgitte, Sophia or any other Goddess of Sex.

Freedom from FEAR — the fear that we'll be deprived of the good things in life that should be free, unless we give up our time, paychecks, individuality — in fact, OURSELVES. The battle is joined, men, and we have a real fight on our hands! Because if you think that the assorted wives, mistresses, mates, fiancés, sweethearts and girl friends are going to give us these vital freedoms without a struggle — I can only say that ignorance is bliss. Wedded bliss! And serve you right, too!

No, this is going to be a matter of give and take: Either they give or we take. With the kind of editorial guts that harkens back to the era of Hearst, MacFadden and Greely, JEM herewith throws down the gauntlet to the Women of the World:

You dames the world over! — you painted, tainted, tarnished, varnished, heat-treated, deep-seated, pretty, giddy, half-witty, haughty, naughty, lustful, untrustful, neurotic, erotic and despotic dames! — *listen: we're fighting back!* After a half century of serfdom, we are getting a new grip on our destiny. From now on we men are going to sit high in the saddle, apply the spurs deep and, when necessary, use the whip! All right, now — *back to your housework!*

There it is, fellows, a sample of what can be done. If you simply follow our lead — and read our special advice and instructions each month — then you will help us greet the dawn of a New Day for the American Male. Remember — you have nothing to lose but your ball and chains!

The Editors

FOR OUR LETTERS COLUMN:

If you like the new JEM, write in and tell us about it — what you like best, and why. We may publish your immortal words . . . If you don't like it, write anyway — and we'll probably throw your letter away, unless it's darned clever! Address JEM, 801 Palisade Ave., Union City, N. J.

MILE HIGH CLUB

"Well, we're unloading all of them at Albany and if we don't pick up any more than my last trip, I'd say I've just about got it made from here on in to Boston.

As the girl once again left the dimly lit cockpit, Chuck grunted to himself. "Uuh! . . . what a lot of woman that one is."

His mind raced back to the previous evening. After dinner, Lennie had begged out on the movies to do some studying. Later, when Chuck and Jean were leaving the theater, she had eagerly accepted his invitation to catch Louis Armstrong at the Colony Club.

They had danced well and closely. Chuck remembered how the slight pressure he had placed on her back had caused her to move into full contact with him. Every inch of her body had responded.

Whoosh! He had to admit that the off-duty Jean Merrill wasn't damnably unaware of her femaleness.

How in hell did the CWA interviewers ever let her slip through? There must have been a weak moment.

Ex-Navy Lieutenant Charles C. Holland had cut his teeth in the war years. He had never completely adjusted to the following slow-up of his life.

The creeping morality that had gradually changed what he had come to know as a way of life continually nagged him. The "dogooders," the preachers of puritanism, the moralists — they were all organized — and he wasn't.

Contemplation of the thing only increased his frustration, so he frequently escaped the problem by returning in memory to the past.

He relived those wild years.

He was thinking now of a flight nurse he had known out in Hawaii. Her name too, had been Jean. It had been one of the parties at Kaneohe. He had spotted her sipping a "French 75," surrounded by a group of visiting and admiring submariners.

He had moved to a more advantageous position at the bar. The memory stood vividly in his mind.

She took notice of him, appraised rapidly, and just before returning her gaze to her admirers winked almost imperceptibly.

She turned to the nearest submarine officer and with naive expression asked. "Say, Commander, do you boys have such a thing as a 'Mile Low Club?'"

The question remained unanswered as Chuck's swift entrance into the scene and the removal of the "piece de resistance" to the dance floor left all but the perpetrators of this little chicanery with mouths agape.

Chuck smiled inwardly with the recollection. What a girl she had turned out to be. She was the one who had acquainted him with the fact that in some circles the Navy "wings of gold" were affectionately

known as "leg spreaders."

Chuck's reverie was broken as the co-pilot tapped him and motioned for him to put his headset on. Len reported on inter-com.

"ATC has cleared us to let down to 700 after passing Cooksburg. We should be there in about three minutes. ETA for Albany is 05. How about you driving while I pay a visit to the male powder room. Then I'll help you get this bird back down to earth."

Chuck was now back to the smooth functioning business-like pilot he always was when actively practicing his profession. The plane became an extension of him.

When Lennie returned, the two men effortlessly and efficiently went about their tasks. Check points and altitude changes were reported. Check lists were read . . . challenge and answer.

Jean went down the aisle from passenger to passenger to inspect for buckled seat belts.

The weather was excellent. Chuck's approach and landing reflected his accomplishment. The plane settled on the runway with the same ease and grace that the pilot displayed a few minutes later as he descended the tail stairway.

Lennie bounced down after him with a handful of papers and the two pilots headed for Operations.

At 1120 EST, CWA Flight 309 was again ready to take to the air for the final home leg to Boston.

As Chuck taxied the ship to the run-up position on the ramp, he leaned over to his co-pilot.

"Man, I'd say this just about takes the cake. I've made this last leg when we've only had three or four passengers on board, but to-



night we haven't got any. I don't know what this airline is coming to. If they don't re-schedule some of these milk runs, we're going to have to be looking for new jobs."

Chuck's critique on the operation ended as Lennie began reading pre-run-up items on the checklist.

When the Martin had once again settled on its cruising altitude and Chuck had satisfied himself that all was functioning properly for the flight back to Boston, he flipped his transmitter selector switch to intercom.

"Hey Lennie, do you want anything?"

The co-pilot's head movement indicated negatively.

"Well, if you think you can handle this big old machine by yourself for a few minutes, I think I'll go back in the cabin and offer some cheer to our lovely stewardess."

In Chuck's earphones crackled, "Beat it, you old lecher. But I'll bet she'd prefer me any day of the week."

Chuck laughed, hung up his headset, and after unwinding himself from the seat and its encumbrances gave Lennie a light blow on the shoulder.

Jean was standing at the buffet cleaning up some grains of sugar when Chuck approached.

"Hi, dream girl! What a racket. Not a customer to take care of."

"Yeah. The only trouble is, I'm bored to tears. There's a lot of nothing back here when it's empty of people."

"Jeannie girl, no beauteous damsel has the right to be bored in the company of Charles C. Holland, aviator, lover, keeper of the . . .

aho, I see a spark of interest . . . now let me see . . . I've got it. Merrill, how would you like to join the Mile High Club?"

"The Mile High Club? What in heavens name is that?"

"Well, you've got to get the picture. Right now our altitude is 9000 feet, which means we are more than a mile over the earth's surface."

"Now men and women . . . well, you're a girl and I'm a boy . . . uuh . . ."

Jean was gazing up steadily and Chuck realized that what had started out as a light-hearted effort to encourage an artificial levity had backfired to where he was sinking more deeply into his own inspired morass.

Chuck let go of Jean's arm and backed away.

"Look, Jean, you're a little too young to go into the details of this thing. I was just trying, and I might

add here, stupidly, to have my little joke."

Jean moved closely to him and after taking the lapels of his coat in either hand breathed.

"Charles C. Holland, aviator, lover, et cetera, you didn't think I was too young last night when we were dancing at the Colony Club."

Chuck didn't have his coat on when he returned to the cockpit. The pounding of his heart and the searing in his lungs mentally plagued him, but only momentarily.

Hell, he thought, I may be getting a little older, but the real cause is the physical exertion at high altitude . . . and particularly at night.

Chuck thought of Jeannie. For fifteen years he had been familiar with the brand of women attracted to pilots. He wondered casually if Jeannie expected a membership card in the club.





THE CRACK NAZI SPY HAD
TROUBLES ENOUGH WHEN HE
POSED AS A GIRL. WHEN HE
REVEALED HIMSELF AS A MAN,
THINGS WENT

FROM BED TO WORSE

THE most fascinating story of espionage and intrigue to come out of World War II has yet to be told, an oversight that is about to be remedied on these pages. It should rightfully have been included in Volume III of Sir Winston Churchill's excellent history of the war; however, it was at the time considered too delicate a matter to appear in so dignified a work, being a possible source of considerable embarrassment to both the Royal Air Force and the British Admiralty. In any case, the record, until very recently, was incomplete.

Now, fortunately, an exclusive tape recorded interview, made by this correspondent with the leading figure in the extraordinary drama, has brought the full facts to light. Thus, the uncensored story is herewith offered to press and historians — not to mention the R.A.F., and the Admiralty — for inclusion in the annals of the Second World War.

First, a brief summation of the known facts in

the case prior to this reporter's interview: In August of 1942, some weeks preceding the Battle of El Alamein, — the turning point in the desert warfare, a young German spy, Rudolph von Worgeinshmeirlitz (pronounced Vorgeinshmeirlitz), boarded a British troopship at Southampton and successfully evaded capture for two weeks during the voyage to Suez. While on the ship, Worgeinshmeirlitz passed himself off as a member of various branches of the Royal Services, thus gaining much vital information for his Nazi masters. This intelligence never reached its intended destination since, halfway through the voyage, the Nazi agent surrendered to the ship's captain under circumstances that were, to say the least, unusual. The following transcript from the ship's log for August 13th, 1942, describes the incident:

"At about 2230 hours, with a full moon riding, bosun's mate Chalmondely (Continued on page 52)



Has he really
gone? Yes, he's
getting on the bus

Hi,
honey

I'm alone now



I thought you'd like it here



*It won't
take me
two minutes
to get
ready.*

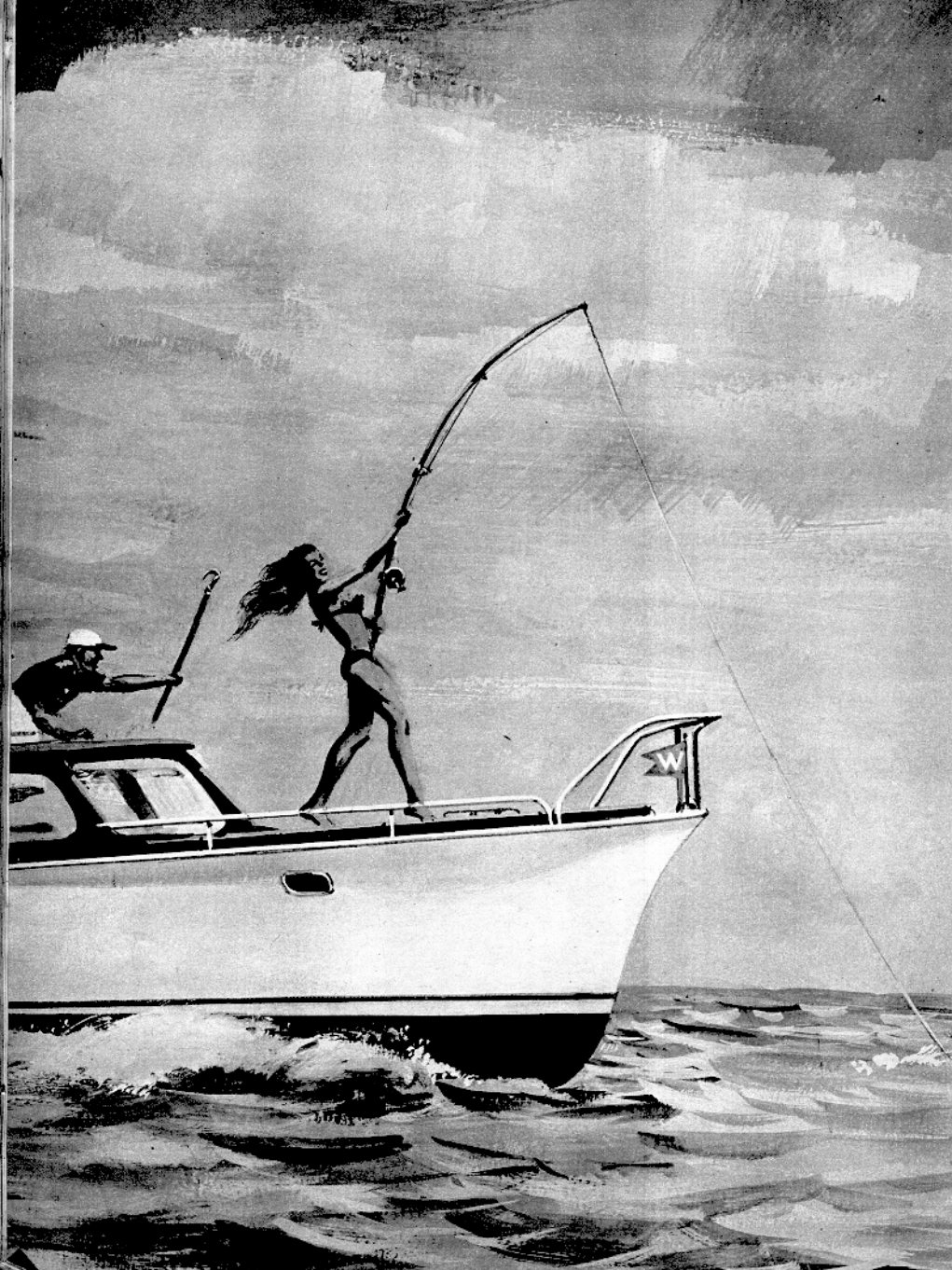


You want coffee now baby?






Ummm... feels so good!



Making Time in the SUN

*When a man loves fishing and hates women,
you have a hard case. But expose him
to the hot sun and a warm girl—
and he'll soften up like a jellyfish!*

By STEVE APRIL



NICK CHALOM is about the most hard-boiled guy I've ever known, and I don't mean he's merely one of these loud-mouthed, tough talking characters: Nick is really hard. You only have to look at his ugly, swarthy face which still shows the wear and tear it took when Nick was a club fighter around Miami rings, or see his squat, muscular body, the hard eyes, or the stingy way he has of speaking . . . and you know Nick is nobody to play with. Me, I knew that since we were kids — that far as Nick was concerned, the chips were *always* down, which is why we got along fine on our fishing boat, the Lucky Marlin. I never tried outsmarting him and Nick never got rugged with me.

Nick is tough in a lot of small ways. There isn't as much easy dough floating around these days as there was after the war, you don't find as many big shots anxious to charter a boat. Nick and I make out, you understand, but it isn't like the rain of bucks we picked up back in '46 and '47. We still (Continued on page 58)

DIAMOND DUST

*When bigger and better bosoms are made,
the English will make them . . . Well, not ALL
of them, but this upright teen-ager
is well out in front so far.*



IF you have been a faithful reader of JEM, you will recall (with some misgivings, perhaps) a bit of crystal-gazing last year by Force Kennet entitled, provocatively, "After Bosoms, what?"

As a Peeping Tomorrow, author Kennet foresaw the evolution of man's interest as eventually shifting from the rounded C-cup to the elbow. You should live so long as to see girls wearing their sex appeal on their sleeves, so to speak, but apparently the far-fetched idea has stirred fresh hope in the chests — no, that's the wrong word; make it something lower — of the anti-bosom

faction.

The spokesman for this obvious minority seems to be a gentleman who identifies himself as head of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers. In phrases which remind Jem Dandy of the mouse who proclaimed, "I'm a leg man, myself," he attempts to strike a pectoral blow with his prophecy that the bosom is, indeed, on the wane. He insists that the male gaze is returning to the legs, starting with the ankle and working up.

Men are discovering (*he claims*) that the currently (Continued on page 57)

SLUG 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM

(Continued from page 23)

they had lost since the advent of the inflatable bra. Among other things, the Depression came to an end.

But then came the war, an unnatural time when emotions and lovemaking were unstable; to the extent that even if a fellow did slap his girl with a half-consumed cantaloupe, the only portent might be not love but battle fatigue.

With the coming of the postwar period, normalcy in all things appeared to have returned. The movie villains took off their tattered old Nazi uniforms and became bandits again; Allan Ladd put away his cloak and dagger and took his trusty trench coat out of moth balls; Gable came back and Garson got him (Greer Garson, not Garson Kanin!).

But the returning soldier, it seemed, had left something of himself from the halls of Hirohito to the shores of Tripoli. And those who had remained at home in vital industry — such as stamping out paper clips for the Pentagon — even they had lost something that men like Cagney, George Raft, Dan Duryea and Humphrey Bogart had fought so hard to establish in the breasts of their fellow men.

They had lost a goodly part of their manhood.

No longer did they slap, slug, sap or spank their women when aroused. On the contrary they permitted indignities to be wrought upon themselves that rivalled the treatment that the Amazons once forced upon their sniveling mates. More and more women, having got used to it during the war, went to work. As their pay scale rose and they became economically independent, they became independent in other ways.

They held sex over the heads of men and said, as though to a pet dog, "Beg for it, boy."

And what did we red-blooded American men do? — We begged! Sometimes we got it, sometimes we didn't. The point is that an entirely new concept of sex achieved its climax — a concept that saw its beginnings with the franchise of women after World War I. When we gave them the vote we gave up one of our cherished freedoms!

They didn't want it! The freedom, I mean. The vote, yes. But by turning

into a lily-livered, ulcer-ridden, pot-bellied serf to the need for security, the American male has cheated his womenfolk out of their heritage — namely, the need and desire to be dominated.

Hell, since Eve spit out the seeds into Adam's eye, women have wanted their men to be *men*! If Adam, the slob, had turned Eve over his knee and reddened her naked fanny, things might have been different. For a time it looked as though we were in the driver's seat. Oddly enough, men had their greatest time during the Dark Ages. They were tough then, and virile and dominating. On the other hand there exists a theory that all that armor was not a protection against one another, but against *women*! Whenever a gal started throwing her weight around, her lord and so-forth could get right back at her; his coat of mail made him heavier! Also, there has been a recent stir in etymological circles; they say that the original spelling of that term was coat of "*male*". In other words, medieval man — even as now — wore his masculinity like a coat.

At night he took it off. Once in bed his mate had him at her mercy. "Beat me!" she might say. And he would reply, "But, dear, I'm too tired from carrying that armor around all day."

So she would beat *him*. And served the fool right! So that now we are reaping the harvest sowed by our predecessors. Worse still, we are doing nothing about it. Although we are protected by the Law from being beaten by our women, in a physical sense, we are brow-beaten unmercifully at every turn. We allow them to dictate the design of our automobiles — for *their* comfort and egomania. (Which of you wouldn't rather own a tiny, bouncy, skintight, smelly, uncomfortable, tough-to-shift sports car — an *automobile*, by God! — than a nice big, cozy, warm, upholstered, apartment-sized Cadillac with power steering and conveniently wide rear seats? I thought so.)

The important thing is, of course, not *whether* we'd rather have one car or another, but our freedom of choice. We don't have any. For example, who do you think is responsible for that architectural atrocity, the split level?

The American woman, that's who. Why? Because they're too lazy to walk up and down a man-sized flight of stairs now and then.

Why do they inflict all this torture upon their husbands — or sweethearts or misters, as the case may be?

Because we don't shove them around, as is their right to expect! As a result the women of this country have lost all respect for us; in our place has risen the dollar sign, that symbol of emasculation. We are married, these days, for our income instead of our output.

If we can read between the lines of the Kinsey Report—although the lines themselves are good fun — we find that by the time a girl reaches the decision to marry, she is disillusioned with the creature that natural selection has given her for a husband. She has way-laid him and he has been found wanting.

As a result of this trial and, for the most part, error, a woman knows that for the rest of her life she must have a substitute for good old-fashioned domination. Wisely, she chooses money. After the nuptials and the honeymoon (a once romantic institution now utilized for the sole purpose of establishing who's going to wear the panties in the family), a woman spends most of her time in front of a TV set; or in back of it — on afternoon quiz shows.

The blame for this revolting and unnatural situation in American evolution I lay at the feet of the American woman — which is where the average man finds himself, tragically enough. From this position — at the feet of the woman instead of up there where he belongs — the man gazes up and begs her to stoop down. What he'd like to do, is grab her by the hair and yank her into submission. Or thrust a grapefruit into her rose petal mouth.

For some reason he can't bring himself to believe that that's what *she* wants too! And even if he does, he can't summon up the guts to do it. Therein lies the tragedy.

So, to ease his frustrations, he buys a second TV set. He installs it in his cellar workshop, and there he watches the old movies on the late late show, instead of going to bed. What kind of movies?

He watches pre-war vintage pictures

A Confidential Message

**TO MEN OVER 35
IF YOU'RE LOSING
YOUR PEP and
ENERGY...**

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FOR YOUTHFUL VIGOR

FEEL YOUNG AGAIN WITH HI-POTENCY GERATEX TABLETS

MEN—if you've been noticing a steady decline in energy, if you're over 35 and think you have matured prematurely, if you lack zest and if life's pleasures are passing you by, here's good news for you!

AT LAST, science has perfected a fast-acting preparation for men who have lost their spark and pep. It's a remarkable remedy; one specifically formulated to help you obtain new energy, stamina and a more youthful interest in life.

THOUSANDS OF MEN have found thrilling new hope and discovered new buoyant energy and improved physical power by using GERATEX TABLETS.

HI-POTENCY GERATEX TABLETS

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GUARANTEE:

Show your bottle of GERATEX TABLETS to your doctor. If he doesn't agree that the medically approved lipotropics, vitamins, minerals, choline bitartrate and other ingredients contained in it can help you to feel peppier, more youthful, without harmful after effects, send back unused portion for a refund.



DON'T BE DISCOURAGED if physical neglect has undermined your natural vitality making you feel and look old before your time. Help to correct this and to feel and act younger by taking GERATEX TABLETS today!

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\$3.50 FOR A MONTH'S SUPPLY
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NUTRAPLUS

Dept. J.

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Gentlemen: You bet I want to feel young again. I want to test your medically approved GERATEX TABLETS. I understand that if they don't give me that Buoyant Feeling Of Youth, that my money will be refunded. Enclosed find \$_____ for which send me the size I have checked.

- ☐ One Month's Size **\$3.50**
☐ Three Month's Size **\$10.00**

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

No COD's. Postage extra, or—add \$.50 for 1 mo. size, \$.75 for 3 mo. and we will prepay postage.

In Canada: Order direct from, Better Health Products, 4466 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada.

RUSH THIS COUPON

of James Cagney squeezing grapefruit juice, and Bogart, Raft and the like batting their dolls around like ping pong balls. He watches Dan Duryea hurl a screaming wench into the nearest bed. Vicariously, he gloats over the bruises and contusions inflicted on American womanhood (his wife) by some screen hero — who in real life is probably just as spineless!

It's the same as with kids. Give them their head and they walk all over you. They don't know how to handle freedom. They're unhappy with it. They

want to be told what to do — not make decisions for themselves. They want boundaries. Women do, too. They want to be mastered. They're contented that way. When a man tells them what to do, they do it and they get praised, they get rewards like a new hat and everybody is satisfied. They aren't expected to dole it out — it's sort of bestowed on them, which is how it should be.

Like when they have the vapors and enjoy the pleasures of the sick bed. That's when the husband has to watch

out for the doctor. He's the conquering hero then — the knight on the prancing white steed. She falls in love with him — and why? Because he takes the whip hand. He tells her what to do. And she adores it. She feels he is taking care of her and loves being submissive — that's the natural order.

As an old cliché has it, a word to the wise is sufficient. Unfortunately there are too many wise guys in this country — and not enough wise men. I can only say that they had better wise up — or there won't be any men at all!

FROM BED TO WORSE

(Continued from page 43)

happened to be passing boat number 3 on the port side of the ship. Suddenly, from beneath the boat's canvas tarpaulin, came the sounds of struggle accompanied by agonized cries for help. Before Chalmondely could act, the tarpaulin was torn loose from within and a figure sprang from the boat's interior to land on the deck whimpering pitifully. He was dressed in the uniform of a flying lieutenant, R.A.F., with the exception of the trousers, which were not in evidence. The "lieutenant", who turned out to be the spy, Worgeshmeirlitz, evaded Chalmondely's grasp and raced to the bridge where he promptly gave himself up. He spent the remainder of the voyage in irons, a most silent, and yet apparently contented, prisoner.

"Meanwhile, Chalmondely, as he was about to replace the corner of the tarpaulin, discovered two genuine R.A.F. members — both high-ranking flying officers — in the lifeboat. One still held onto the enemy agent's trousers. When Chalmondely asked the two men what they were doing in there, he was told to 'bugger off, you triple-headed ape.'" Thus ends the transcript of the ship's log.

Eventually, the two flying officers, together with Chalmondely, were decorated for their part in the capture of the desperate agent. And there the curtain is drawn on this bizarre incident — until one day last month, in West Berlin. This reporter was visiting that city in his function as European correspondent for *Tasty Pastry Magazine* ("Published by the Biscuiters and Loafers Ass.") while tracking down a new and devastating recipe for apple

strudel. As he was testing the strudel of a small bakery on *Wilhelmshaus Platz*, one of the flour sifters was casually pointed out to the writer as a former Nazi spy. The man, a modest fellow in his mid-thirties, was engaged in conversation and, with no more effort than that, the incredible truth of the Worgeshmeirlitz affair came to light.

Here, then, is the story told in Herr Worgeshmeirlitz' own words:

I was born here on *Wilhelmshaus Platz*. In fact, my mother owned the biggest *haus* on the street, my father having died at sea some years earlier. I remember, above all, the strictness that prevailed in our home; Mother would not allow me to play with the girls in our family, for example. I had eighteen sisters, aged sixteen to twenty-seven — a credit to my mother, who was only thirty-four.

Thus I grew up with a strong sense of morality and an even stronger sense of duality — so that, by the time I was asked, by Mother, to go look for a job, I was fitted for only one thing. I became a female impersonator in the music halls. Being of slight build and an almost beardless chin, with an exceptionally handsome face, the job was easy for me.

About this time, war came along and, like everyone else, I was placed where I was most suited. It was Herr Goebels himself who chose me as one of Germany's leading spies. This came about one time back stage when, having finished my act, I returned to the main dressing room to find several high-placed Nazis looking over the girls, an innocent pastime they often took part

in. As I passed Herr Goebels — I was still in my female attire, of course — the Minister of Propaganda reached out and availed himself of a decided liberty. Being, as I say, of sound moral fiber, I was more than a little shocked.

So was Herr Goebels. "*Verdammt!*" he muttered, feeling around, "if you can fool me, you can surely fool the stupid British pigs. I will make you a master spy!"

This he did, if I do say so. I believe he also wanted to make me something else, but before he could ship me to the Russian front for lack of cooperation, I became a master spy and was sent on my first — and last — mission.

As history has it, my job was this: The great British liner, *Mulligan Queen*, was to leave Southampton, bound for Suez via South Africa, with 5,000 members of the Royal Air Force. Also aboard were to be fifty WAAF's — or, as we Germans called them, waifs — members of the Woman's Auxiliary Air Force.

I would take my place on the ship as one of the WAAF's. It would give the *vaterland* (pronounced fodderlant) a chance to procure intelligence otherwise unavailable. ("In the powder rooms of those women," Herr Goebels had said, "you will hear things you'd never hear any place else!")

Everything went according to plan. I joined the WAAF — that was a ticklish business! — got aboard the *Mulligan Queen*, and before long found myself in the Bay of Biscay en route to Suez. This job, I thought, was a *schnaps*. But — I had reckoned without the British interpretation of biology.

Think — can you imagine fifty young women incarcerated within the confines of a ship that also contains 5,000 men? For thirty days? With the single rule being, "Keep it dark"? Well, several days passed as we skirted the coasts of France and Spain. One by one, the WAAFS, most of them pretty young things, went to their destiny. Some of them went every night. Since I was by no means the homeliest of them, I was in for trouble from the beginning. At first it was somewhat humorous; austerity had not yet set in. But let us face the issue squarely: fifty girls, 5,000 men — 100 to one. The odds were really far greater than that, since about half the ladies — the choicest — were commandeered by assorted officers of field grade, leaving about 25 to fight off the rest of the men.

The situation ceased to be humorous on the fourth night out. Prior to this I was able to fend off the various advances of those poor love-starved boys (yet how starved can you be after only four days?). Now, however, they began to show signs of desperation. On this fourth night I was walking along the sun deck, a place reserved for officers and ladies, trying to avoid stepping on them, when I was suddenly accosted by a flying sergeant. Without a word he drew me into the shadow of a ventilator and forced me to the deck. I remember, even then, admiring his temerity at not only invading the forbidden Never never land of the brass, but at laying low one of its subjects. Just as the lusty sergeant was about to make a most frustrating discovery, he was suddenly dealt a vicious blow from behind by someone who appeared to be largely composed of mustaches, medals and malice. The sergeant went hurtling through the guard rail to land on a life raft ten feet below.

The bemustached and bemedaled apparition turned out to be a brigadier — the brigadier — and he was very solicitous of my welfare. When I tried to rise, he pushed me back gently, clucking his tongue soothingly. "Did the blighter hurt you, dearie?" He stroked my thighs with a delicate and knowing touch. "How dare he defile such inviolable purity as this? A mere sergeant — *hah!* Such a shrine as this is worthy of worship by the salt of the earth, no less!" He lowered himself to one elbow on the deck and drew my trembling body close to his. "Indeed, let me lay claim to the—"

QUIPPING POST

(Heard a good one? Send it in to THE QUIPPING POST,
801 Palisade Avenue, Union City, N. J. —and get a five
dollar bill by return mail.)



JUNIOR'S parents were worried about their offspring. Certain of his actions and the way he talked sometimes led them to believe that their son might be developing into a sex maniac. So they took the boy to a psychiatrist.

The psychiatrist seated Junior before his desk, then whipped out a pad of paper and drew a square.

"What does this make you think of?" he asked, indicating the square he had drawn.

"A man and a woman in bed together," answered the lad without hesitation.

The psychiatrist drew an oblong and showed it to Junior with the same question.

"A boy and a girl havin' fun in a hallway," was the way Junior interpreted that drawing.

Then the psychiatrist sketched a circle, shoved it before the boy and asked:

"And what does this remind you of?"

"A guy and a gal roughin' it up in a roundhouse," was the answer.

The psychiatrist shook his head and said, "Boy, you are sick, sick, sick. You really need psychiatric help."

"What are ya pickin' on me for, doc?" said Junior indignantly. "I ain't done nothin'. You're the guy's

(Continued on page 56)

I let him have it flush on the mouth.

As I retreated from the hapless brigadier, who lay spitting teeth onto the deck, several pairs of hands clutched at me from the darkness. By the time I reached the relative safety of my stateroom, I was suffering from an attack of nervous stomach. Remember that not only was my mission — my very life — endangered by this unlooked-for turn of events, but the strict moral code whereby I had lived for a lifetime was being sorely buffeted by these uncivilized Nordics.

I stood it for seven days, and each night was a thing of horror during which I stole very little sleep. Even in the stateroom, which I shared with four girls, I was not safe, for it proved to be a favorite trysting place and the scene of unspeakable orgies. These were, if I do say so, not without a certain fascination if you steeled your mind; yet, rarely did one end without some unsatisfied monster lurching toward me with a mind to vary the booty. More often than not I would manage to escape barely in time by squeezing out through a porthole.

Then, on the seventh day I thought I was saved. Actually, it was a case of the frying pan and the fire — and happened in this wise: My C.O., an iron-grey-haired lady with eyes to match, and fitted sumptuously both fore and aft, took notice of me on this day. Noting my dark-circled eyes and wan complexion, she said with one eyebrow elevated, "I've watched you, young lady, these many days, and it appears that you are endeavoring to retain your virginity at all costs." I nodded dumbly and she continued, "This pleases me. There are too few like you on this ship — in fact, you're the only one I've been able to find. Now, darling, have your gear and clothing brought to my cabin and we'll spend the rest of the trip together. That's an order."

With a vague unease, I did as I was told. Here, if I were careful, would be protection from the rest of the ship's passengers; yet, there was something about the look in that C.O.'s eye —

Indeed. The awful creature barely waited until I had tossed my gear onto the top bunk before she had shoved me onto the bottom. "Let us," she said, "understand one thing from the beginning," and put her meaty hand on my thigh.

I understood. With a scream, I made for the door. She lurched after me but

I gained the outer corridor and went racing along its dark length, leaping over numerous pairs of bodies in various stages of love-making — and fearing to be seized en route by predatory males and females! As you can imagine, this latest assault on my honor was the most shocking, by far. Although mother had warned me of the existence of such people, I had been shielded from them. To so narrowly escape the clutches of one was devastating to the nervous system. As I lay bathed in perspiration, deep in the bowels of the ship, I trembled.

But I knew what I must do. I would have to change my sex. That is, I must divest myself of these ridiculous WAAF garments and become a man again.

My chance came that very evening when I chanced to pass by the officer's shower room on D deck. Within, there was a lieutenant singing at the top of his lungs and separated from his uniform by a solid wall. He was presently separated from it by the length of the ship as I bore it down to the forepeak. There I stuffed that hated WAAF uniform under a spare anchor hawser and donned my new clothing. Once again I felt, looked, and could act, like a man. I climbed out of the forepeak — which proved to be a safe haven for the duration of my stay on the *Mulligan Queen* — and headed for the sounds of activity on the upper decks.

The ship was, of course, travelling under blackout conditions; thus the decks were lighted only by such illumination as filtered down from the sky. It was not enough to prevent one from occasionally falling over pairs of extended legs. This could be dangerous — especially if one fell upon the owner of the legs. I did, once, and received still another shock.

The legs jutted forth from the gloomy shadow of a stack of life rafts. With a muffled cry, I collapsed upon the body of a very large man. There came a grunt from the body and, instantly, I was seized in a huge pair of powerful hands. "Ere, you," the body said. "Ain't you got no respect for the person of a twenty-year man? Suppose I was t'squeeze you a li'l bit, matey? It mought teach y'lesson, eh?" And with that I could feel an agonizing pressure on my ribs. My face was brought close to that of my persecutor, apparently a sergeant.

"I say," he muttered, "you're a

young one, ain't you — an' with a nice, thin l'ydylike figure, too." With that, there was a change in the nature of his squeezing. It took on an intimate quality that was even more horrifying than the bear hug it superseded. I groaned, begging the man to release me — that I had a WAAF sweetheart awaiting me beside the funnel.

"Cor, now, matey," the sergeant said, "girls is fine in a pinch, but y'can't trust the bitches. They'll either get pregnant on ye, or—"

I tried to shut my scandalized ears. "All right," I said, "you've talked me into it!" At once my captor relaxed. "Now, that's more like it. You just stick alongside o' me an'—"

With a desperate lurch, I wrested free of his grip and rolled out of reach in the darkness. Then, leaving a trail of trod-upon figures cursing in my wake, I dashed forward to the safety of my forepeak, slamming the hatch after me.

I stayed there for several days, not even going to the mess hall for meals. But hunger at length forced me to venture out — to my Waterloo, as it happened.

On my way to the ward room to beg some scraps of food from the crew, I cut across the boat deck, starvation making me careless. There was a full moon above the ship, and it cast harsh shadows. Mine fell across a pair of officers who were sitting in the lee of one of the lifeboats. They looked up, startled. "I say," murmured the higher ranking of the two, "there's a new one."

"By all means, let's initiate him into the club, shall we?"

I was beset both fore and aft by the two hulking brutes, who grinned down upon me with obvious anticipation. Not quite certain of their objective, I grinned back at them. It was a fatal mistake. Complimenting me upon my friendliness, the two lifted me bodily into the lifeboat, the tarpaulin of which had been folded back. Too stunned to move for a moment, I sat in the boat while they followed me. Not until they replaced the canvas, leaving us housed in full darkness, did I begin to suspect their sordid designs.

I moved, but not quickly enough. One of them seized my legs, the other grabbed me around the chest. Before I could cry out, they had pulled my trousers off with a single heave. Then they began inflicting upon me such indignities as have rarely fallen to the lot

of any secret agent. At last I could bear it no longer. Struggling mightily, I screamed again and again. Muttering curses and threats, my two torturers relaxed their vigilance for the moment — long enough for me to break away. Plunging through the corner of the tarpaulin, I vaulted, half naked, onto the deck. I remember, in my flight, half startling the wits out of one of the crewmen who happened to be passing at that moment.

The issue was only too clear. I could

continue to attempt to evade the inevitable, thus subjecting myself to possible ulcers and a nervous breakdown. Or I could submit to the loss of my virginity — with a wealth of choices of method.

No, not even my duty to *Der Fuehrer* and *Der Vaterland* could impel me to do either. And so, with full awareness of what I was about, I dashed up the companionway to the bridge of the ship, and there surrendered to the Crown. With that, was terminated my

short career as a master spy for Nazi Germany.

Now you, like the captain of the ship and, later, the Occupation people, ask me why. Why did I surrender when, by the mere nod of my head, I might have insured the success of my mission and, perhaps, changed the entire course of the war?

Well, I can answer you only as I answered them: "One man's meat — but I didn't intend to be the one!"

BAGANDA BLUES

(Continued from page 17)

consisting of a large joint of antelope, a basket of fruit, some succulent herbs and a gourd of native beer. I learned later on that this was a fairly light morning meal; the lunch and dinner were really something!

To my pleasure he turned out to be another American, and with the improbable name of Elvin Bemple.

"I have to talk fast," he muttered, obviously in a piteous state of fear. "My next lesson begins in about a half hour and I must finish breakfast!" He spoke the rest of the time while stuffing his mouth with food. Here is the edited story he told me — a tale so completely horrifying as to freeze the hottest blood!

Bemple, a salesman extraordinary, arrived in Uganda in the course of a worldwide tour, a sort of public relations jaunt for his company. What was he selling? Sun tan oil. ("Sun tan oil?" I asked, "— here in Africa?" "Of course," he said. "You should try *tasting* the stuff! It's 150 proof!") Somehow he had stumbled across this very village some weeks ago.

As was the custom, he had been shown every courtesy, given a hovel to sleep in, and a couple of warm young reasons for staying awake. As it happened, this Bemple, like myself, had travelled far and wide and sampled many strange and exotic fruits of love the world around. And, like myself, he had learned much that is not taught in the halls of ivy — or even in the dorms. His experience, however, had been largely in Europe. I remember he mentioned that he was very familiar with the French, and vice versa.

Next morning, as Bemple strode happily from his hut after a night of diversified instruction in what he called the "Continental manner", he was

shocked to see his way blocked by Chief Ndogu, his head witch doctor and two armed guards. All were grinning hugely.

"We watch you all night," said Ndogu, admiringly, "— you sure okay!"

Bemple realized that, with the lamp burning, the chief and his trustees had witnessed, through the grass walls, his pedagogic ministrations in all their consummate detail. He blushed, although a little pleased, and thanked the chief. "Any time," he said, lamely.

"Yes," said Ndogu, "that is my plan. We never seen things like that before. It what you call progress! So — you stay here, white man. You teach *all* our women this progress! Take three by night time, three by day. Make men of tribe very happy, eh?" Ndogu snapped his fingers. Three women — not nearly as young and handsome as his friends of the night — stepped from behind the guards. They looked bashfully eager. "Start *now*!" ordered Ndogu and the guards pushed Bemple back inside the hut. The women followed.

Bemple looked up at me wanly, his caved-in cheeks munching hollowly on a bite of bushbuck loin. "That was five weeks ago," he said weakly. "I can't go on much longer — and I can't escape. Even if I did, who would believe such a story? Would you believe that only five weeks ago I was a 200-pound ex-halfback?" He seized me weakly by the arm and bent his head close to mine. "Look — get out of here fast, before it's too late! Before they pull the same trick on you! If you spend a night with any of their women — and if you show any originality at all, you're done for! Leave now — and when you reach civilization, tell them about me. Bring the D.C., and some soldiers back with you! Another day or

two and — I'm finished!" Bemple sank back on his scrawny haunches.

It was a sad story, all right. But I assure you I was not thinking about poor old Bemple right then! "This may," I said, with some hesitation, "sound a little strange, but — well, can you tell me some of the things you — er — teach the women here? For example, is *this* in your course?" And I described a little trick that had sent generations of Hunza women into ecstasies.

Bemple blinked. "Golly, no — but if I had the strength I'd sure like to try it! Maybe when I get out of here—" His shoulders sagged again.

"How about this one?" I gave him the details of certain exercises guaranteed to raise the temperature of any igloo twenty degrees. Bemple just shook his head numbly and licked his lips. I now felt truly sorry for his wasted condition. At the same time I felt like one consigned to the firing squad.

For now I knew that the couch during the night had come from no leopard, and I knew why the lamp had been kept lit. I turned to look across the village at the "palace" of the Chief.

Sure enough, he emerged with a hideous figure who wore a death's head mask and waved a skull sceptre. Behind these two came a pair of large warriors with spears. They headed straight toward us, and on their faces were the broadest of smiles.

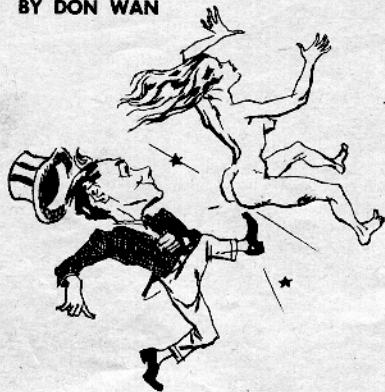
Bringing up the rear of the procession were three women of indifferent face and form. They looked like starving tigresses.

I heaved a fatalistic sigh. "Give me a hunk of that meat," I said.

"From now on," Bemple murmured, handing me a joint, "you'll have all you want." ★ ★ ★

ADVICE TO THE LOVE-WORN

BY DON WAN



THIS is the scientific age. Everything, from industry to military affairs, is governed by science these days. And even romance has begun to change, insidiously, as the scientists move in.

The other night I had a pretty little miss cornered in a phone booth.

"Madam," I said, as I reached for the coin slot, "you are out of this world."

"Sir," she said, slapping my face, "that's a helluva thing to say to a good girl. What do you think I am, a sputnik?"

Now I ask, gentleman, isn't that horrifying? That a young lady should expect to start a scientific discussion about space travel at a time like that is a sad commentary on our present generation of femininity. Love and romance are running second to fuel injection and rocketry these days.

But, undaunted, I have a system of my own — the Don Wan ICBM Love System.

You have contacted a girl. She seems willing and you are able. Then, just when things are progressing nicely, she says, "Sir, would you mind if we paused here to discuss missiles?"

You proceed as if you've heard nothing.

"I said," she says, struggling futilely, "let's discuss missiles."

More action. More protests about a missile discussion.

Finally, you say, "Madam, I AM discussing the ICBM."

"ICBM?"

"Yes — I can't behave myself." (Continued on page 59)

THE QUIPPING POST

(Continued from page 53)

drawin' all the dirty pictures!"

Oil was discovered on the lands of the African Chieftan, Oogiwallalow, making him a very rich man. The Chief celebrated by buying a plane and taking off for Paris, where he had a high old time.

After a few weeks in Paris, the Chief got hungry for some home cooked food, so he went into a little Parisian restaurant and sought out the proprietor.

"I want a roast, stuffed Russian," he told the restaurateur.

"Oh, monsieur, we do not serve such things here," the proprietor told him. "We cannot serve people in this country."

"Look," said the Chief, "I want a roast, stuffed Russian, and I'm willing to pay for it. Here's \$5,000. Now serve me my roast Commie."

For \$5,000 the proprietor of the average French restaurant will do anything, so the Frenchman went out in the alley, waylaid a Russian, knocked him over the head, stuffed and roasted the victim and served him to the Chief complete with an apple stuck in his mouth. The Chief said he had never tasted a better roast, stuffed Russian and went away satisfied.

In a few weeks, the Chief returned to his native land. After a few days there he began to miss something.

"It's this African cooking," he said to himself. "It can never equal that French cuisine. I think I'll go back to Paris and get me another roast, stuffed Russian."

So, he hopped in his plane, flew back to Paris and returned to the same little restaurant.

"I want another of those delicious roast, stuffed Russians you serve," he told the proprietor.

"Oh, monsieur, we cannot serve that to you."

"Why not?" asked the Chief, "I was here once before and you served me a delicious roast, stuffed Russian. I paid you \$5,000 for it, and I'm willing

to pay the same amount again."

"Oui, monsieur, I remember you, but I cannot ever again serve you a roast, stuffed Russian."

"Why not?"

"They're too hard to clean."

Chief Oogiwallalow introduced many modern improvements to his land. On a flying trip to America he learned a great deal about quickly prepared foods. On Oogiwallalow's country the cannibals don't boil or roast their victims. They cremate them. Then they put the ashes in little bottles and when

they get hungry they just add water and they have — instant people!

The once-famous acrobat had been down on his luck for a long time. Without work for many weeks, he was down to his last quarter.

Seeking help, he went to the cathedral, dropped his last coin into the poor box, knelt and began to pray.

In a few moments he was engulfed by a magical light and a voice boomed from out of nowhere.

"Fear not, my son," said the voice, "Your fears are groundless. Your

troubles will end. You not only will be restored to your full glory as a performer, but you will become even greater in show business than before. And you will have more bookings than you've ever had before."

The light faded, the voice trailed off, and the acrobat knelt there stunned. Suddenly he had a thought.

"Look," he said, "I don't want to be a pest, but tell me, when will all this happen."

The light went back on and the voice boomed:

"Don't call us. We'll call you."

DIAMOND DUST

(Continued from page 5)

heaving bosom is an overdeveloped bust. In fact, he makes an example of the fabulous Jayne Mansfield, whose dimensions have more than once appeared in full color on JEM's wide screen. Jayne's bosom, says Mr. NAHM, begins at the rib cage, which he implies is an anatomical vulgarism.

Well, JD says fi on Mr. NAHM. Let him dream he went pub-crawling in his maiden-form nylons, for we suspect he has self-interest at heart; JD would love to be locked in the famed JM rib-cage, and the Battle of the Bosom is far from being flattened.

We bring you two fresh and lively contestants: to wit, England's 17-year-old, 43-inch June Wilkinson vs Chicago's 21-year-old, 40-inch Donna Jean Hand.

It comes about that last winter Donna Jean was incensed by the forthcoming visit of June to these shores, and when her temper reached the boiling point, hid herself to a Chicago newspaper office. With no further ado than a strategic pause while photographers cocked their shutters, she forthwith bared her frontal charms and demanded to be measured. It was a busy sight, indeed, and while the tape stopped at the 40-inch mark, Donna Jean was undaunted.

"It's quality that counts, not quantity," she declared, heaving an outward sigh.

Shortly thereafter June Wilkinson, the biggest bosom in British show business, arrived in New York. Naturally (and we can prove they're natural on

June) photographers were dispatched to record her arrival, and by a strange coincidence one of them had a picture of Donna Jean baring her chest in Chicago.

Miss Wilkinson was posing demurely at this moment in the proceedings. She was modestly draped, as you might expect of a 17-year-old with her mother on the premises — an added starter which up to then had somewhat dampened the enthusiasm of the lensmen.

And then momma took a look at Donna Jean's photo.

"Cool!" she said, heatedly. "Ere, now, tyke a picture of this!"

No doubt she meant "these," for so saying she ripped off June's blouse and bared those mighty twin 43-inchers for posterity. Nylons, indeed. And rib-cage be damned. We leave you with the immortal reaction of JD's friendly photographer, who reported later with awe:

"Thank heavens I had a wide angle lens!"

All of which shows what dimensions girls will go to when they're trying to prove superior talents. Schultz may be dead, if you remember that old story, but we'll keep on watching the battle of the frontal bulge.

Interruption by JD: There'll always be a British bosom and may the sun never set on June's.

June, Jayne . . . and even Donna Jean. Long may they wave their assets.

For not long ago our antagonists from the world of hosiery got a tasty setback — and from Paree, too. Seems the leg art promoting a Marlene Dietrich cinema was too much for the Paris subway riders. Too much leg and too little skirt, ran the complaints. So they had to cover up Marlene's legs — with cardboard.

What, JD is prone to wonder, would happen if somebody opened a copy of JEM in the Paris Metro? What in the world has happened to Paris, anyway? After all, that city has given the world (most recently) a sex-kitten named Brigitte Bardot, whom we'd be glad to have in our subways any time at all.

Brigitte, despite her openly photogenic policy, is an excellent case in point for JD's current philosophy: Women NEED man's domination. We suggest you re-read our editorial which starts on the cover. And then we suggest that you make a note in your secret datebook for a rendezvous with the next issue of JEM, in which we X-Ray Brigitte's REAL desire — a man who can dominate her — even, perhaps, JD himself!

A parting word to the wise from JD: If you read this in time, remember that June 4 is Old Maid's Day. An Old Maid, lest you forget, is a gal who has never been married or anything. And lest you be tempted to rush out and alleviate this neurotic situation, JD warns you that Old Maid's Day is followed on June 14 by —

Expectant Father's Day! ★ ★ ★

MAKING TIME IN THE SUN

(Continued from page 49)

have some regular customers who fly down in their private planes and spend money like it was paper, but day by day things are getting pretty tight. We cut our price down to \$75 a day, and sometimes a guy will say he hasn't that kind of money, how about going out for sixty bucks? Though we may not have had a party all week, and even if he believes the guy sincerely can't pay more than sixty, Nick will still tell the guy to blow, no dice.

But yesterday I found Nick had a tender side . . . a real mushy one.

We had a party ready to go, a young couple and some manufacturer staying at one of the better hotels, had decided to go fishing, and early in the morning we had the Lucky Marlin tied up at the dock, gassed and ready. She's a sturdy 38 foot custom-built job, a good sea boat and about the best looking charter boat around the Keys. I was cutting weakfish for bait while Nick was giving the twin engines a final check, when I noticed this girl. She was standing on the dock, staring at the boats and the water and the bright blue sky like she didn't believe it. There was a gentle breeze up, enough to blow the print dress against her body, reveal the slender, good figure. Her hair was long and dark — and probably very soft. Her face was pretty and she looked about 25. Only she seemed a little tired and worn—that special kind of worn look you get from working nights and sleeping days, when you sleep.

I went over and nudged Nick. "That is one of the new girls at Lou's joint."

Nick looked up and over at her, said, "Kind of skinny for one of them girls. Ain't bloated looking."

"She only plays the piano there — far as I know, maybe she doesn't have to hustle drinks," I said. Lou ran one of those bars where you could usually find whatever you were looking for. Lou let all sorts of dames hang around — long as they drank a lot.

Nick bent over his engines again. Nick was never the romantic type, didn't think any more about women than he did about food. Of course I'm married and don't hang around Lou no more, but you know how it is, every

guy in town always knows when a new girl comes in, even the piano players.

After a while this girl walked by the boat, said, "Hello. You guys fishermen?" She had a nice even way of talking.

"Sort of," Nick said. "We take people fishing."

She said, "This is all so wonderful, like the movies. Technicolor too."

"What is?" Nick asked, glancing around.

"This!" She flung her arms toward the water. "I come from a farm; from Pittsburg. I never saw so much warm sun and water before. The sea is simply great, all so clear and blue, and the air . . . you can smell the salt and it's so clean and healthy. I couldn't wait for daybreak this morning, to come down and see this."

Nick looked at her pale face and grinned. "Never thought about it much. I guess it is kind of great. How's Pittsburg?"

She laughed and took a deep breath, like the air was candy. She sure had interesting breasts. She pointed to the bait I was cutting. "That the fish you catch?"

"This? This is just bait. Use it to catch the big ones, tuna, sailfish, marlin."

"I never been on a boat, or fishing," she said. "Cost much?"

"Seventy-five bucks a day," Nick grunted, closing the engine hatch.

She laughed and I liked the sound of her laughter. "You kidding? That's out of my class."

"You can hire a row boat for a buck fifty a day," Nick told her.

"I can see myself trying to row. You guys sure got a pretty boat. I mean those cute little red venetian blinds in the cabin windows. Mind if I look inside the cabin?"

"Nothing there but couple of bunks, a galley, and the head," Nick said.

"What's your name, honey?" I asked, holding out my hand.

"Bea."

"I'm Eddie and old sour-puss is Nick. Come aboard Bea, take a look around," I said, taking her hand and watching the flash of her white thighs as she stepped down into the cockpit.

Nick said, "Make it snappy, party

is due in a few minutes."

I showed Bea the cabin and she acted like a kid with a new toy as she tried the stove, looked at our stall shower, the ice box, pumped water into the clean sink.

I heard a taxi drive up and knew it was the party, and got Bea off the boat as a big plump guy in a new yellow Cuban shirt came down the dock with a rather pretty blonde in slacks, beside him. This was Mr. Stewart and his wife.

As he stepped aboard he glanced at Bea — the kind of glance that said he's seen her before. He said to Nick, "Well captain, here we are, ready to go. This is my wife, Martha — hope she gets a big one. I've arranged for a photographer to be here when we return."

"All I've done is a little trout fishing," Mrs. Stewart said. "A big game fish will probably scare me to death."

"Nonsense," Stewart said. He knocked on the side of the boat with his hand. "Good strong boat," he added, like a jerk. "You see we run a large hardware store up North, be a fine advertisement if our local papers run a picture of Martha standing besides a big one."

"It's a good day, but of course we can't guarantee what we'll get," Nick said. "Where's Mr. Huggins?"

"He took a plane last night. Business or something."

"You paying his share?" Nick asked casually.

"I certainly am not!" Mr. Stewart said. "I paid my thirty-seven fifty yesterday. I have nothing to do with what Huggins does."

"Wait a second, Mr. Stewart," I said quickly, seeing Nick was getting sore. "That was just a deposit. We don't go out for less than seventy-five."

Mrs. Stewart said, "I'm sorry, we can't afford that. Frankly, we don't even know this Mr. Huggins, except for seeing him around. The clerk at the hotel arranged all this and . . ."

"And we're going out!" Stewart said. "You have my money and it isn't up to me to get another party. That's your business and I must say you run it like . . ."

"Please, Frank, Let's not get ex-

cited," his wife said.

"I'm not excited and I'm not going to let these . . . eh . . . men spoil our day. I want that picture of you beside a big fish."

Mr. Stewart towered over Nick, but he was all soft and Nick's eyes were hard as he took out thirty-seven bucks, stuffed them in his right fist. I grabbed him, took him aside, said, "Relax, hitting this slob will ruin us at the hotel. What the hell, it is a good day and we haven't been out all week. Let's take them out."

Nick wasn't even looking at me, he was looking up at Bea standing on the dock. Suddenly he grinned, said, "Sure, we'll go out," and jumped up on the dock. I could see Bea shaking her head and Nick mouthing the words, "It's free," and finally he was helping her aboard the Lucky Marlin.

Nick said, "Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, this is Bea. As you said, it's up to me to get another party, and as it happens, Bea wanted to go out today. Now we're set."

"I'm so glad," Mrs. Stewart said, going over to Bea. "My name's Martha. Have you done much fishing?"

"Me? I don't know one end of a pole from the other," Bea said, and both girls started laughing. As I went up on the dock to untie the boat and Nick started the engines, I saw Stewart, his face flushed, go over and talk to Nick, nodding back toward Bea. I couldn't make out what Nick told him, but Stewart turned white, looked at Nick thoughtfully, walked back to the girls and didn't say a word. If Bea knew him, she didn't let on.

The sun was bright and the day was starting to grow hot as we headed down the channel, past a couple of private yachts. I got out the rods and reels and Nick asked me, "Why does a guy with a wife like that bother going to Lou's?"

"I don't know, but Mr. Stewart doesn't look like a very bright joker, anyway you take him."

The wind came up a little and there was a fair swell and right away Stewart got sick. He stretched out on one of the cockpit cushions and made a slob of himself, getting his new Cuban shirt all messy. Mrs. Stewart helped me clean up, said, "Poor Frank, he knew he'd be sick. Only doing this

ADVICE TO THE LOVE-WORN

"Oh, Densy boy, you do have a way of getting to the point."

Fadeout.

And now, to answer some of my voluminous correspondence that bears on the general subject of science and romance:

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a nuclear scientist. But, first, I am a red-blooded American boy. The other day I went fission for a young laboratory technician, named



Norma Proton. Her head is crammed with figures and her figure is just crammed. I made a few passes at her, but all she would say was, "Dr. Neutron, get a grip on yourself. These are dangerous times." So I gave up. What's to become of us?

Norton Neutron, Ph. D.

Dear Dr. Neutron:

As the race horse said to the old plug who was being led into the packing plant, "You are going to the dogs." Tell your young lady that, yes, these are dangerous times. But if there is no more love and marriage, there'll be no tomorrow. If there is one thing quicker than a scientific war in destroying the world, it'll be the absence of love. Heaven forbid!

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a poor boy. My girl friend is loaded, in more ways than one. She drinks like a fish. In fact, she drinks so much like a fish that I call

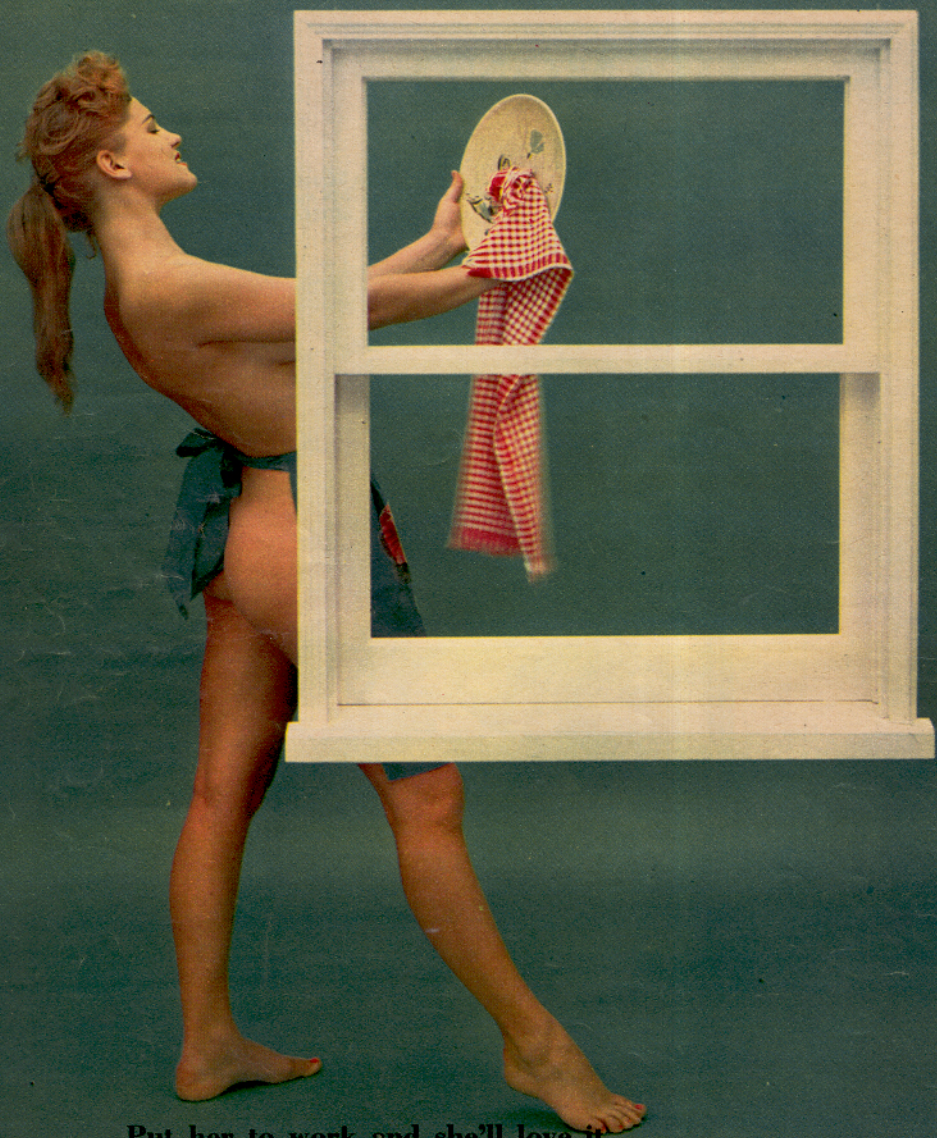


her lovingly, "My sweet little piece of bass." I've heard recently of a cure for alcoholism, proposed by a Dr. Quimby Quack of Quincy, Mass. He says if you rub a yam on a person's ham, that person will no longer desire liquor. Any truth in that?

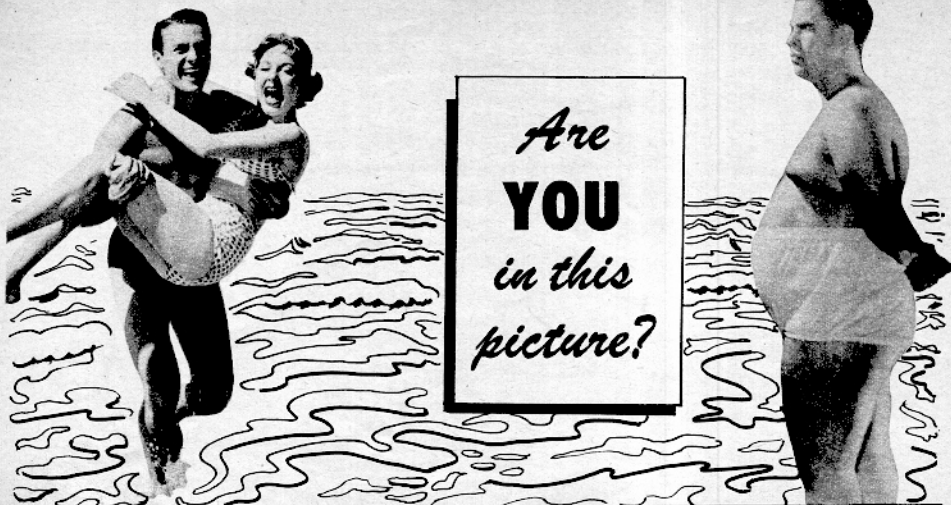
T. Totaller.

Dear Mr. Totaller:

Take it with a grain of salt. A little pepper might be tasty, too.



Put her to work and she'll love it . . .
and you. Like Ann Peters -
a dish drying a dish.



Are
YOU
in this
picture?

NOW: LOSE UGLY FAT FAST!!

WITHOUT STARVATION DIET, DANGEROUS DRUGS OR INCONVENIENCE!

DON'T BE LEFT OUT OF GOOD TIMES

Being overweight can deprive you of fun, pleasure and romance! You can lose out on many of the good times normal weight people enjoy. Being fat can make you feel embarrassed, ill at ease and may lessen your chances for social and business opportunities. Overweight can be dangerous too! Doctors say that millions of fat people in this country are more likely to suffer from heart disease, diabetes, kidney, liver and digestive disturbances than people of average weight. Don't let this happen to you! Lose your overweight now! Give yourself a chance to look and feel healthier and more vigorous again.

There's only one way to reduce

You can do yourself real harm trying to reduce on a starvation diet. This may weaken your system, deprive it of nourishment and leave you more susceptible to sickness. And — then you don't always obtain permanent re-

duction this way either. Sooner or later you may go off your diet and grow more dangerously fat than before. But — there is a safe and scientific way to reduce. A way to maintain strength and body nourishment while losing weight: a way to help you to control the parts of the body from which weight is lost so that you can re-establish firm body tone and get permanent results. This way is the Weider 3 Way Reducing Plan. It is medically approved. It helps you to lose overweight fast!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

You Get All This When You Follow The Weider 3-Way Reducing Plan

1) You receive a supply of our medically approved Reduce Aid Food Supplement, containing Lipotropic Factors hailed by doctors as a modern, safe and sure method of weight reduction.

2) You DON'T STARVE yourself while reducing! You receive a free course of instructions telling you exactly how to eat wholesomely, more than enough to satisfy normal hunger and to maintain strength, yet you can lose pounds a day.

3) Scientific course helps you to control where you lose weight. You receive a simple course of approved reducing exercises which you can follow to help you lose weight from the hips, upper thighs, waist — exactly where it forms the heaviest and where you want to rid yourself of it most. Only 10 minutes a day is required to follow these pleasant exercises which help you to acquire an attractive appearance when you reduce.

The Weider 3-Way Reducing Plan gives you all these reducing essentials. . . . Guaranteed to correct every case of overweight not due to organic disturbances or money refunded!

THE NEW
WEIDER
REDUCING
AID



FREE!
COMPLETE
COURSE OF
REDUCING
INSTRUCTIONS

PROOF! It Works!!



BEFORE AFTER

Maurice Bourcier was 100 pounds overweight, suffered from shortness of breath, was ridiculed by others, turned down for an insurance policy BEFORE following the Weider 3 Way Reducing Plan. Six months later he had LOST his fat, was living an enjoyable, flab-free life and had passed a tough insurance examination. Here's your living proof that the Weider 3 Way Reducing Plan really works!

GUARANTEE:

Weider Reduce Aid Supplement must help you to lose dangerous overweight safely, quickly, without harmful drugs, inconvenience, or weakening diet—OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

MAIL THIS COUPON
NOW!

LOSE-WEIGHT

801 Palisade Ave., Union City, N. J.

Dept. J.

Gentlemen:—You bet I want to lose weight fast and safely without a starvation diet or harmful drugs. I want to try your 3-Way Reducing Plan. Send me the following size bottle of Weider Reduce Aid Supplement. (check which).

- ☐ 100 Tablets, 1 month supply for \$3.50
☐ 300 Tablets, 3 month supply for \$9.00
(We suggest the ECONOMY 3 month supply for best results.)
☐ Check here if you want the FREE Reducing Course too.

Name

Address

City Zone State

No COD's. Postage extra. Add \$3.00 for one month size and \$7.00 for 3 month package if you want us to prepay postage.
IN CANADA:—Order from Better Health Products, 4166 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada.

because he knows how much I like fishing."

I wanted to add, "And for that picture of you beside a big fish — the great advertising deal," but kept my mouth shut. I cut up some squid, baited up two lines, showed Bea how to hold her rod.

The girls sat in the fishing chairs and they were really quite a picture — the wind blowing their blonde and dark hair . . . both excited as kids. Martha hooked a small channel bass almost as soon as she dropped her hook, and from all the giggling and shrieking, you'd think they'd landed a whale.

We didn't go out too far, and except for a few stupid blowfish, the fishing was pretty bad. I gave them heavier tackle, strapped them into their seats and we had a run of luck — we ran into a school of amber jacks. Now jacks aren't overbright, they keep following a hooked fish, and the girls pulled in nearly a dozen — some of them fairly big, about ten pounds, and soon they were both tired. I brought out some sodas and crackers and Stewart managed to stand up, mutter something about "Where's the big ones?" when the sight of the crackers made him lie down again.

Nick shook his head, whispered, "Big ones — this Stewart is sure the biggest one I've seen in years!"

By noon Martha had caught a small bonefish, which is a tough fish to hook and Bea landed a sea bass that weighed over 20 pounds and put up a real battle. Both girls had a slight wind and sun burn, and were having themselves a time, especially Bea . . . the wind burn did a lot for her face. Nick even let her take the wheel, showed her how she could tell she was putting the boat in a big curve instead of straight ahead, by watching the wake. Now and then this Martha tried to get her husband up, but he was still full of butterflies.

Bea said she had to be "back on the job by five," and I told her not to worry and nobody asked what her job was. We had sandwiches and fruit and coffee for lunch, sat around and smoked, listened to some music on the radio, as the girls pointed to the bright little fish hanging around the surface seaweed. Mrs. Stewart took out a jar of face cream, let Bea use it. Every-

body was in a good mood — even Nick. Of course Mr. Stewart wasn't in any mood.

We saw a bluefin tuna jump out of the water off to the portside, a big one, about 50 pounds, while we were eating and Nick said, "There's a real game fish. Some people call them blue torpedoes. Up North, off New Jersey, they call them Horse Mackerel."

"Why do they call them that?" Martha asked.

"Why?" Nick said, his face puzzled. "I don't know, they just call 'em that. Call a fish one thing in one part of the country, or the world, and another thing some place else. Hell, some guys will say a tarpon ain't nothing but a big herring — which it is."

Bea insisted on washing the dishes and Martha Stewart dried, and Nick pointed out some fair-sized sailfish cutting the water like silver speedboats. "They're chasing some small fish," Nick said, "and from their speed must be damn hungry."

The girls finished the dishes and the fish suddenly cut off in several directions and Nick shouted, "Them ain't after other fish, they're running themselves, and from something big!"

I put two 10 pound amber jacks out as bait, harnessed the girls into their chairs. Nick told me to take the rods if they did get a strike — a girl, or anybody else, has to be pretty good to land anything weighing a couple of hundred pounds. It's easy to get hurt . . . and to lose the expensive rods and reels.

We cruised after the sailfish and suddenly there was the scream of line furiously unreeling. Bea yelled, "Oh! Oh . . . I got something!"

I took the wheel and Nick stood behind Bea, telling her to relax, give the fish enough line and let it make it's run. As I turned the boat around, headed for the strike to take the strain off the line . . . something blue flashed into the air about fifty yards ahead of us, hit the water with a terrific splash.

"Hell, it's a shark," Nick said, his voice full of disgust.

It was a Mako shark and we were in for a fight, for the blue shark is a good game fish. This one wasn't too big, maybe 60 or 75 pounds, but it was more than enough for a battle.

"A shark? My God," Bea wailed, and would have dropped the rod if Nick hadn't shook her. He said, "There's nothing to be scared of. This is a tough fish, puts up a good fight.

You wanted to see what fishing is like — this is it. Now take it easy, do what I tell you."

Stewart sat up. "Martha has a shark! Reel him in, get a picture . . ."

At the same time Martha said, "No, Bea has it, Frank dear," and Nick growled at Stewart, "Shut up!"

We let the shark take the line for a while, then Nick, with his arms around Bea, showed her how to hit him. They kept playing him and the shark jumped twice more and on the last jump barely cleared the water, he was that tired. It wasn't much of a shark, after all, but for a beginner, for Bea, it was a great fight. With Nick's help, Bea finally reeled him in beside the boat. He must have swallowed the bait, the line went right down his cruel mouth and we were lucky the razor teeth hadn't cut it. Being so hard and streamlined, sharks are pretty fish, and Bea all tired and sweating, looked over the side at "her" fish and just shook her head in wonder. Nick took out his carbine, drilled a couple of slugs in the smooth head, and that was that.

I thought we'd cut the shark loose, but Nick said to tow him in, so I got a couple of heavy lines around him and we started for home. The wind had died down and Stewart managed to get up, asked Bea if Martha could have her picture taken with the shark.

"Nonsense, Frank, I didn't land it," Martha said.

"I don't mind at all," Bea said, drinking some beer. I knew how tired she felt.

"You do it, Martha. I mean, we took this trip so we could get a picture and . . ." Stewart said.

"We'll take a picture with both girls standing beside the shark," Nick said. "I'd love that," Martha said and Mr. Stewart looked too sick to say anything.

We docked at four and had the shark hauled up and a photographer was there and took a couple of pictures of Bea and Martha standing beside the shark, rods in hand, big smiles on their faces.

Martha told the guy what hometown papers she wanted the pictures sent to which is part of the photographer's service, and he said he'd get them off by night, and have other prints sent to the hotel, and where did Bea want her's sent?

"Bring 'em down to the boat," Nick said. He turned to Bea, "You drop

down any time and get 'em."

"Thanks." She pressed Nick's hand. "And thanks for the best time I ever had." Then she shook my hand, said good-bye to the Stewarts and walked away.

Stewart, who was hanging around like he was ready to explode, waited till Bea had walked off the dock, then told the photographer, who was packing his camera, "Wait, I want a picture of my wife beside the fish — by herself. Send that one to the papers."

"But I didn't . . ." Martha began.

"Shut up," Stewart snapped at her. "Now we'll take this shot with Martha having one hand on the shark and . . ."

"Wait a minute," Nick said softly. "That ain't your fish, Mr. Stewart. You first got to ask Bea if she wants you to use *her* fish."

"Stay out of this," Stewart said to Nick. "it doesn't concern . . ."

"Nick's right," Martha said. "I did not catch the shark, and for advertising purposes, the picture of the two of us will do nicely."

"Martha, you *can't* have that girl in the picture!" Stewart said.

"I don't see why you're making all this fuss," Martha said.

As I said, this Stewart wasn't too bright, but right there he pulled the prize boner of his life. He whispered into his wife's ear why Bea couldn't be in the picture, and Martha got a little sickly looking, then stepped back and slapped him across the face, a round-house swing that staggered him. Then she turned and walked off the dock. Being angry, she walked fast, and she had a fine sway to her hips as she walked.

Stewart stood there, holding his red face, then started running after her. The photographer said, "You get that play? That guy's crazy as hell."

Nick said, "Be sure you rush them pictures to their papers. And every time they look at the picture, they'll have this little battle all over again. This is almost as good as socking him."

I said, "And he'll have an enlargement made for the store window, Bea or no Bea."

Nick went to see who wanted the shark, while I cleaned up the Lucky Marlin. When he returned I was ready to go home for supper. Nick said, "That Bea had a big day, it meant something to her."

"Sure did. You played it smart."

"How's that?" Nick asked.

"Guess you're going over to Lou's tonight. Bea ought to show you a big time."

"That's an idea." Then Nick shook his head. "Naw, that would spoil it, dirty up the day."

I started to laugh. "Why Nick, you old sentimental clown! Never thought you'd go soft and . . ."

Nick turned and said in the kind of voice you use for backyard kids, "What's the matter with you, Eddie? I wasn't talking about myself. Don't you see, it would spoil the day for *her* . . ." ★ ★ ★

AESOPS FIBBLERS

(Continued from page 31)

pledged with Yarin to return to him, but his son was in such condition from the *marijuana, pevote, pulque* and Xochita that he was hardly in a condition to even listen. So, the old man gave up his grandiose scheme and abandoned his son to the unkempt female, returning to the mountain lair heartbroken and soon to die. And Xochita kept her man, who soon became as dirty, dumpy and disheveled as his mate.

MORAL: Never underestimate the power of a woman, even a pig.

★ ★ ★

THE MAN WITH THE MOSTEST

Teddy and Ray were leaders in school affairs from the day they both entered junior high. Both were most popular with their schoolmates, both were personable in the extreme and they were equally popular. They both had plenty of spending money and dressed in the latest fashion. In fact, they were as alike as two advertising executives except for one thing: Teddy constantly boasted about his prowess with women and his easy conquests while Ray — who knew just as many desirable women and had just as many dates as Teddy — never once opened his mouth about such matters. In fact, while Teddy could not be discouraged from talking about his success with the opposite sex, Ray could not be induced to even mention such matters.

Perhaps it was Teddy's habit of boasting about his prowess with women that kept him from being named The Man Most Likely to Succeed in the college year book, a designation

given Ray.

All of which made it somewhat surprising to those who had known them both in college when a nasty divorce suit, in which Ray was named as co-respondent, disclosed the fact that he had always been most successful in affairs of the heart, even in his college days. It was revealed that the quiet, uncommunicative Ray had left a string of broken hearts and seduced women from his high school days. Some of those whose hearts he had broken and whose virtue he had outraged even came forward to declare their loyalty to him. All in all, it developed that Ray was a regular Don Juan.

Teddy, on the other hand, the one who had boasted about his many affairs, married early in life and according to the best available evidence, indulged in no extracurricular sex activities. In fact, no one ever came forward with any evidence or even claims that Teddy, the boastful, had even accomplished more than casual petting with any women other than his wife.

MORAL: Quality does not have to proclaim itself. ★ ★ ★

ADVICE TO THE LOVE WORN

(Continued from page 59)

Dear Mr. Wan:

My problem is involved, please bear with me. I am married to a wonderful woman. But her brother is no good. He is a dentist. And every time he works on my teeth, he tries out new techniques. He says he wants to let the family share the glory of his discoveries. Now when I went to borrow money from the finance company to get a set of false teeth, I met a cute girl in the finance company office. We've been going steady for six months. She wants me to divorce my wife and marry her. I was about to do it, when I craftily asked her if she had any brothers. She said yes, she had a kid brother who was studying to be a surgeon. In view of my past experiences, do you think I should go through with it? I still have my appendix.

Gummy Gordon

Dear Gummy Gordon:

If I were you — and thank God I'm not — I would run for my life, and my

appendix. You apparently have the look of a victim about you. As a kid, you were probably always the boy that was the dead Indian when scalping time came around. I suggest you tell your young lady that you still love her, but if it's a choice between her and your appendix, the appendix comes first.

Dear Mr. Wan:

May a woman ask a question of your learned self? I am 25, married, and have two daughters, aged 20 and 18. (They lie about their ages.) One of them brought home a young man the other evening who took a shine to me. But he thinks I'm too old for him. How can I convince him I'm only 25?

Billie the Kid

Dear Billie the Kid:

The best way would be to show him your birth certificate!

Dear Mr. Wan:

Are you kidding?

Billie the Kid

Dear Billie the Kid:
No, but quite obviously you are.

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a young interne. As it happens, I am rich, handsome and charming. All the beautiful nurses pursue me. I can't get my work done. I am dedicated to my profession. Is there a good way that you can suggest for keeping these predatory dames away?

Dr. Kildare

Dear Dr. Kildare:

The science of repelling predatory females is one of the most difficult to master. I am, and I say this modestly, one of the world's ranking experts in this trying subject. You must make yourself as obnoxious as possible. For me, this is awfully hard. For you, who knows? You say you are rich, handsome and charming. You must cease being so immediately. Charm is the easiest of the three to lose. Simply be a bastard as often as possible; after a while, you may find this is fun. You can stop being handsome, but it is tough. Perhaps let yourself go to pot — get fat, grow a beard, have some obliging friends break your nose. As I say, this is tough, but use your imagination and I'm sure you'll get by. As for your wealth, I suggest you send it to me. As a friend of all, I'll be delighted to put my personal wishes behind me and take your riches. I'll suffer for my readers. Address me in care of this magazine. Once you are poor,

(Continued on page 66)

Banish sex ignorance!



VITAL KNOWLEDGE REVEALED!

Do YOU know the facts of sex? The art of love, sex anatomy, sex hygiene, incompetence, protection against disease, diet for sex power, exercises for virility, birth control, bad habits, excessive abuse, courtship and marital compatibility? When you fail in sex you lose everything. Ignorance and shameful errors can ruin your life. Avoid them through knowledge! Here are 5 frank and completely revealing sex books, explaining thoroughly the mechanics of man's most natural and primitive function . . . SEX. Read them.

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AT LAST—a complete exercise course dealing effectively with sex health! Learn how to keep your virile powers healthy and strong enough, simple, natural exercise. Already this unique course has helped thousands to conquer weakening habits, night losses, sex fatigue, embarrassment and FEAR. Cultivate sex health for those who need it and preserves the natural sex energy of those who are normally healthy. Daringly different, this unusual book will be a CHALLENGE to your manhood. It represents one of the outstanding contributions to powerful sex health ever offered.

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Please send me at once the following sex books I have marked off, for which I enclose \$ _____

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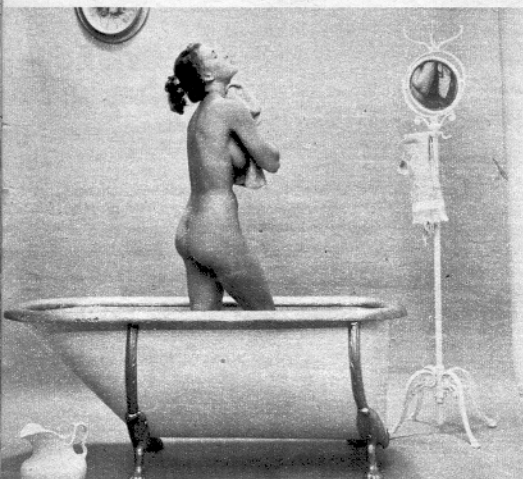
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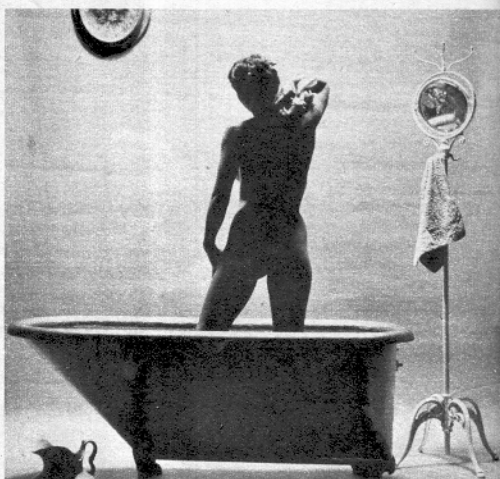
DRY

behind the ears

(Or, The Tale of a Tub)



First notice the fine curved lines of this lovely piece, which is on display only by appointment.

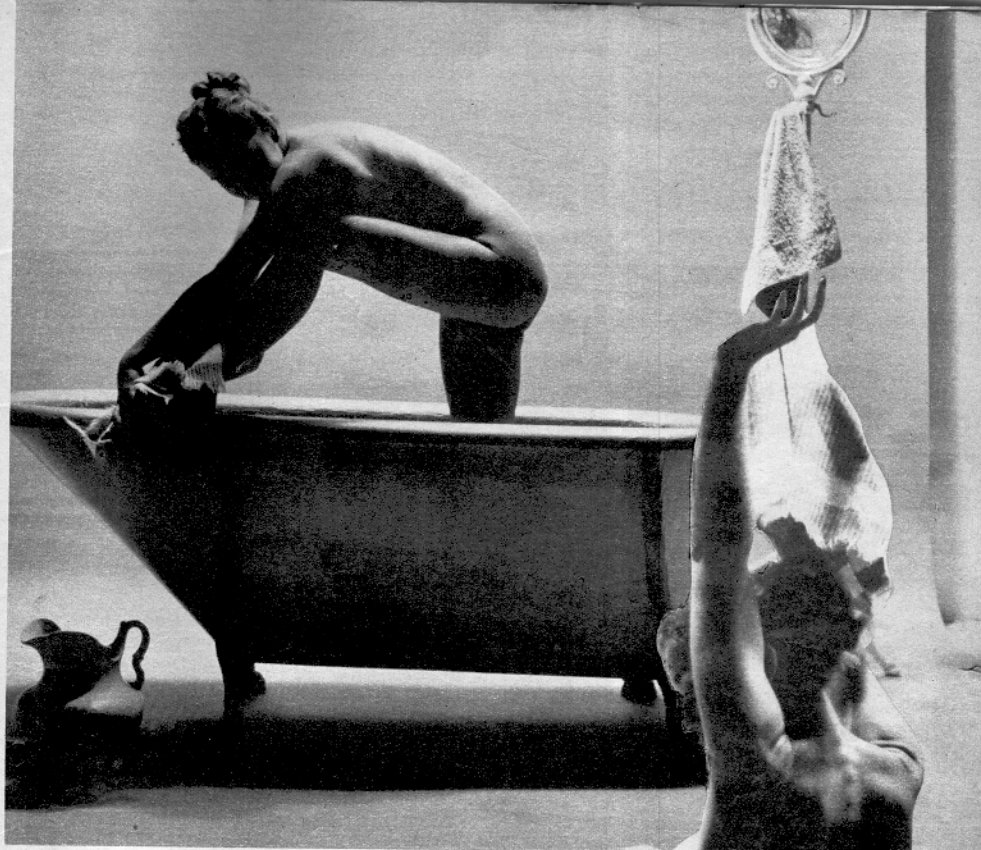


No matter whether seen from far or near, front or rear, it seems to hold the eye of the beholder.

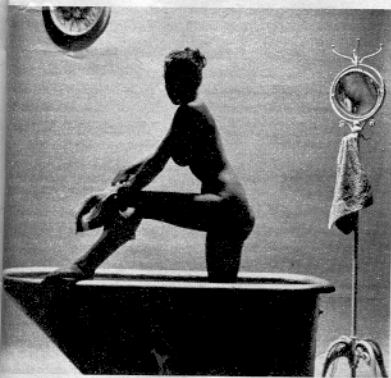
ON THESE pages JEM goes Cultured in a big way, as we concern ourselves with antiques; namely, a bathroom (or *salle du bain*, as cultured folk say) with a towel rack in it. Kipling — who was pretty darned cultured himself — once described a woman as a “rack, a *bain* and a hunk o’ hair,” and this is also a most apt description of our subject, a 19th century bathtub.



Of course, no one will want the tub without the rack — which is thrown in for \$4.98 extra, a real bargain.



A bit quaint, perhaps, but it seems to us that this old-fashioned swish dish has more to recommend it than the new-fangled shower.



Now, I hate to take on something like this without testing it first

*Quick! —
Draw my bath —
and make it hot!*

(Continued from page 63)

ugly and a snake-in-the-ward, you'll have no further trouble. Good luck with your career.

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am a nurse. There is a young interne in this hospital who is a mental case. He thinks all the nurses pursue him. He's very conceited, and once told me that they're all running after him because he's rich, handsome and charming. Actually, he's poor, ugly and a snake-in-the-ward. What can you do with a jerk like that?

Florence Nightingale

Dear Miss Nightingale:

You can lock him in the contagious-disease ward some night. Serve him right, the bum.

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am 15, a youth just feeling the stirrings of manhood in my loins. I also feel the stirrings of space travel. My ambition used to be to fly to the Moon. But now my ambition is to fly to the Moon with Jayne Mansfield as co-pilot. Is this normal?

Young Loins

Dear Young Loins:

You are at the age when we live and loin. Of course it's normal to think about girls, to include them in your day dreams, and your night dreams, too. But what will you do with Jayne when you reach the Moon? I admit she'd be a charming companion on the trip, but, once there, how will you explain her to the Moon maidens? And, after all, they all look like Ava Gardner, as any reader of science fiction knows. I suggest you leave Jayne home, with the rest of us, and take your chances with the Moon maidens.

Dear Mr. Wan:

Seated one night at my laboratory desk, I was idly playing with some rare chemicals. In a moment of sheer inspiration, I added some Cobalt-hydrocyonide - metha - tetracarbo-lic-juice to a test-tube full of iodine-and-lemonade. There was a poof, then some lavender smoke and suddenly out popped a beautiful redhead, nude from the neck up. "You called me, master? I come. You have three wishes." Well, I made the usual wishes — a night with her, of course, to make her feel welcome, and untold riches, and a long life. But I forgot the most important wish of all. Now she's gone. Maybe you can grant me my wish. Where can

I get some more Cobalt - hydrocyonide - metha - tetracarbo-lic-juice, and iodine-and-lemonade?

Lloyd Litmus

Dear Mr. Litmus:

If I can get some, do you think I'd tell you?

Dear Mr. Wan:

What can you advise me about economics and love? My girl friend and I are perfectly compatible. But we have no money, and I still have two years to go on my education. Somebody else wants to marry her and, while she loves me best, she says a girl has to look after her future. Should I give up my training? I am studying to be a financial wizard.

Rocky Feller

Dear Mr. Feller:

If she won't wait for you, she's not worth worrying about. Let her go. Let her get on with her sordid, second-best romance. You keep up with your books. Maybe juggle a few here and there. When you get to be a financial wizard, you'll find plenty of girls hanging around. You'll find, as the years and the millions roll by, that you were lucky to be rid of her. She's a gold-digger. Of course you are, too, but there's a big difference.

Dear Mr. Wan:

Is romance a science or an art?

Q. Rios

Dear Mr. Rios:

Since a science involves facts and an art involves creation, some romances are science, some art. It is much safer to stick to scientific romance, unless you're married.

Dear Mr. Wan:

My girl friend is five inches taller than I am. When we kiss, I have to stand on her small brother to reach her lips. When we dance, I am generally standing eye-to-eye with her clavicle. Is there any sure way of either elongating myself or shrinking my girl?

Inferiority Complex

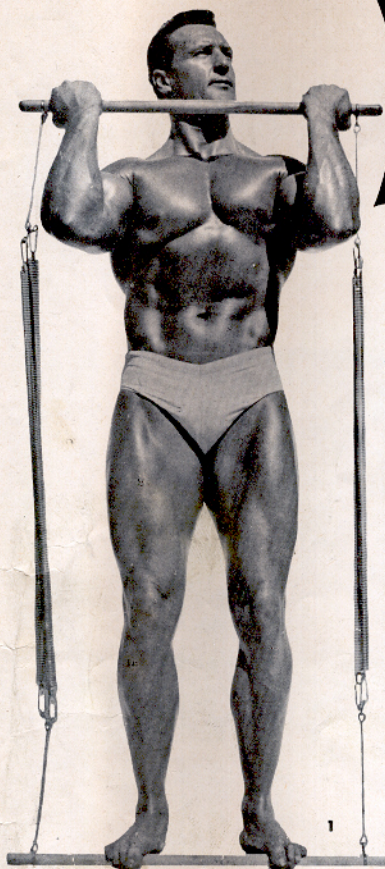
Dear Inferiority Complex:

As to elongating yourself there are the well-known minor mechanical devices — elevator shoes, upswept hairdos and the like. They represent only a small help. Your best bet is to shrink your girl friend. Trying leaving her out in the rain all night. Even if that doesn't reduce her overpowering height, at least it will give her some ideas who's boss.

★ ★ ★



"Some days you just can't remember a thing."



STRETCH

YOUR WAY TO A SUPER STRONG BODY

This Enjoyable Home Gym Way

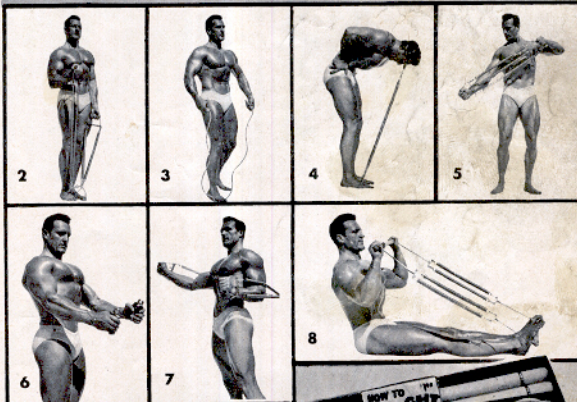
- Builds Big Muscle
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This versatile steel cable home gym set develops powerful, he-man muscles P-A-S-T! Scientific exercise principle trains muscles from every conceivable angle, exactly in manner endorsed by Mr. America winners. Ideal for the beginner to give him a real start in championship muscularity, and perfect for the more advanced bodybuilder to combine with his regular weight training for faster, all around muscle growth. Constructed of finest steel springs, metal fittings and enameled attachments, this set can only be purchased from us. Your complete satisfaction guaranteed! Fully illustrated course of instructions shows you how to gain greatest benefit from outfit, right in your own home. Comes shipped in sturdy storage carton, can be easily transported, needs very small space for use and is noiseless in operation. See photos for a few of the many muscle building exercises you can do with this outfit.

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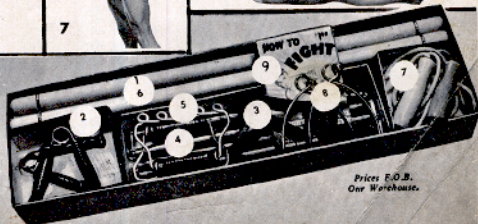
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Prices F.O.B.
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JOE WEIDER
"The Muscle Builder"
"Trainer of Champions"

IN 15 MINUTES I'LL PROVE YOU CAN HAVE A RUGGED, VIRILE, HE-MAN BODY!

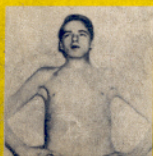
Let me add 5 to 50 Pounds of "He-Man" muscles to your body. Pack 3 inches of "Steel-like" muscles to your arms. Add another 10 inches of rugged muscles to your chest — right in the privacy of your own home!

THIS CERTAINLY CAN HAPPEN TO YOU! *What I did for these former weaklings I can do for you!*

**HERE'S
LIVING
PROOF!**

**ANDRE
LEPINE**

**Gains 80 lbs.
OF
SOLID MUSCLE**



BEFORE

BEFORE mailing the coupon . . . 100 pounds of skin and bones! What a rundown wreck! He had 10-inch pipe-stem arms — a flat 34 inch chest. Truly a pathetic case of weakness before he mailed me this coupon!



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AFTER Weider Training! What a Change! What a Build! 180 pounds — a mountain of mighty muscles, loaded with Herculean 17-inch arms, magnificent 48-inch chest and shoulders a yard wide! Another dream come true!



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Jack Delinger and Ray Schaffer, both "Mr. America" and "Mr. Universe" winners. My pupils have also won "Mr. Europe", "World's Best Built" and "Strongest Man" titles.

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Give me 15 minutes right in the privacy of your own home and I will prove to you that in half the time and with twice the ease, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my **TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE**, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add jet-charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also . . . help you build "inner strength" that will give you the virile look that women admire and men envy. What I did for Andre Lepine, Jack Delinger, Ray Schaffer and other "Mr. America" winners — and thousands of weaklings — I can do for you! Yes, I can turn you into a Real He-Man.

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Check here where you want bigger muscles
... I'll show you how to put 'em there!

I WANT

- ☐ Added Weight ☐ Broader Shoulders
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- () ARMS
() NECK
() CHEST
() WAIST
() THIGHS
() CALVES

(check the gains
you want)

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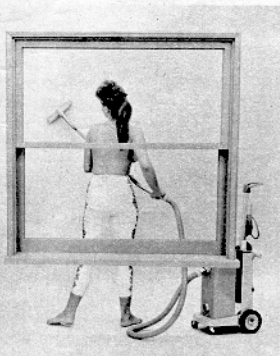
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FROM SINK

TO BED—

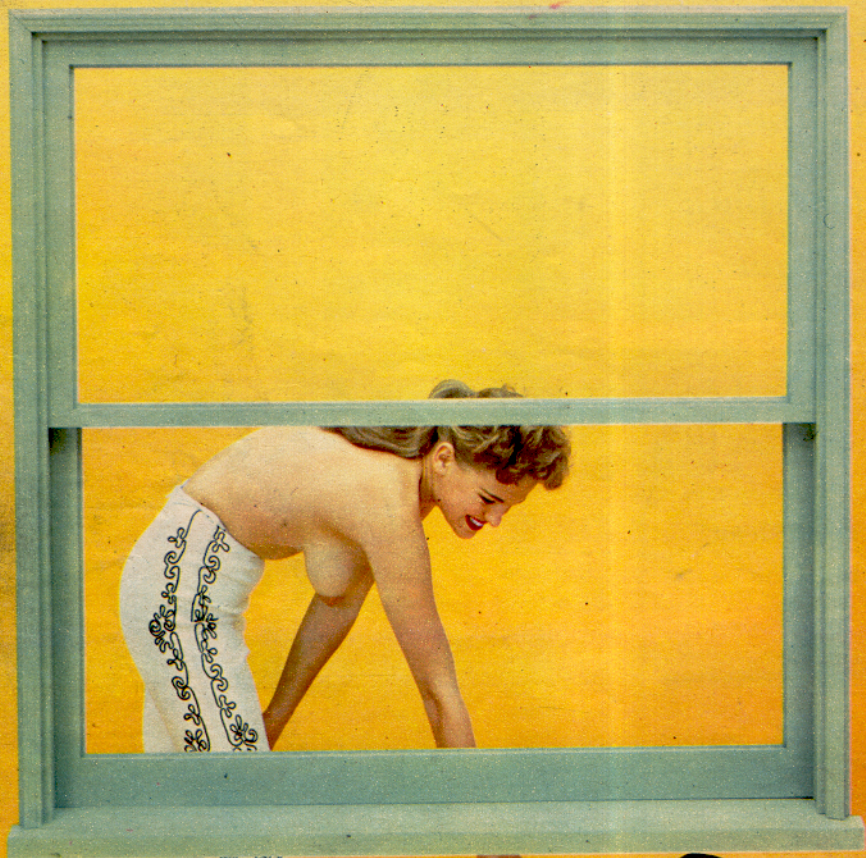
*(and Back
Again—)*

Make her
keep it clean
while you're
gone . . .

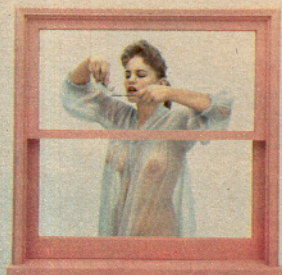


and have something
nice and hot waiting
for you when you
get back.

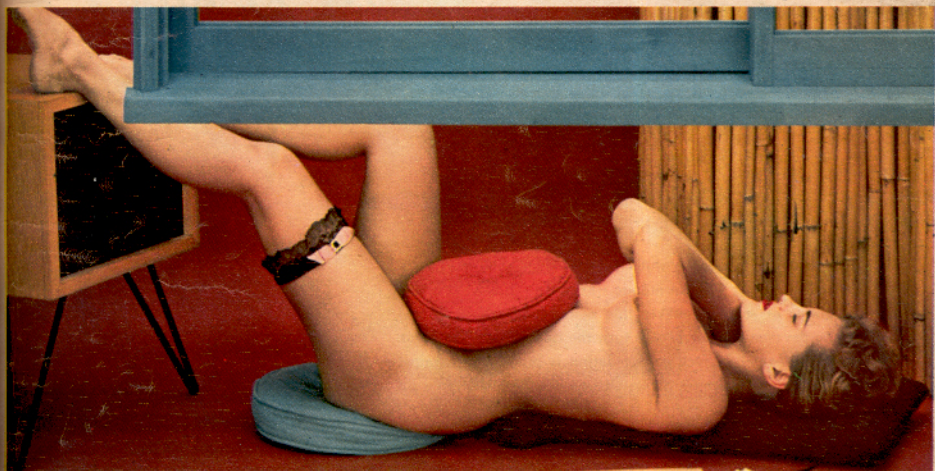




It's okay if she just tosses a bone to some poor dog.



If she's done a good day's work



she'll be pleasantly relaxed comes night-time.



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